LINGVA:

Or

The Combat of the

Tongue,

And the fiue Senſes

For

Superiority.

A pleaſant Comœdie.

First Edition.

AT LONDON
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Simon Waterſon.
1607.

LINGVA.

Drammatis Personæ.

Lingva. ——— { Comoedvs.
Avditvs. ——— { Tragaedvs.

Mendacio, Lingva his Page.

Tactvs. ——— { Odor
Olfactvs. ——— { Tobacco.

Visvs ——— { Lvmen.
Coelvm.
Terra.
Heravldry.
Color.

Gvstvs. ——— { Bacchvs, Ceres
Beere.

Apetitvs a Parasite.
Phantastes,
Hevresis, Phantastes his Page.
Crapvla, Gvstvs his follower.
Commvnis Sensvs.
Memoria.
Anamnestes, Memorie his Page.
Somnvs.

Personæ quarum mentio tantum fit. { Psence.
Arcasia.
Veritas.
Oblivio.

The Scene is Microcosmvs in a Groue.

The Time, from morning till night.

Prologue.

OVr Muſe *deſcribes no Louers paſsion,*
No wretched Father, *no vnthriftie* Sonne:
No crauing ſubtile Whore, *or ſhamleſſe Bawde,*
Nor ſtubborne Clowne, *or daring* Paraſite,
No lying Seruant, *or bold* Sycophant.
We are not wanton, or Satyricall.
Theſe haue their time and places fit, but we
Sad houres, and ſerious ſtudies, to reprine,
Haue taught ſeuere Phyloſophy *to ſmile.*
The Senſes *raſh contentions we compoſe,*
And giue diſpleaſ'd ambitious TONGVE *her due:*
Heres all Iudicious friends; accept what is not ill,
Who are not ſuch, let them do what they will.

Actus. I. Scena. I.

LINGVA, *apparrelled in a Crimſon Satten gowne, a Dreſſing of white Roſes, a little Skeane tyed in a purple Skarfe, a paire of red Buskins drawne with white Ribband, ſilke garters, gloues, &c.*
AVDITVS, *in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with red & white Roſes vpon a falſe hayre, a cloath of Siluer Mantle vpon a paire of Sattin Baſes, wrought ſleeues, Buskins, Gloues, &c.*

LINGVA. AVDITVS.

LING. NAy good *Auditus* doe but heare me ſpeake.
AVD. *Lingua* thou ſtrik'ſt too much vpon one ſtring,
Thy tedious plaine-ſong grates my tender eares.
LING. 'Tis plaine indeed, for Truth no deſcant needs,
Vna's her name, ſhe cannot be diuided.
AVD. O but the ground it ſelfe is nought, from whence
Thou canſt not reliſh out a good diuiſion:
Therefore at length ſur-ceaſe, prooue not ſtarke madde,
Hopeleſſe to proſecute a hapleſſe ſute:
For though (perchance) thy firſt ſtraines pleaſing are,
I dare ingage mine eares, the cloze will iarre.
LING. If then your confidence eſteem my cauſe,
To be ſo friuolous and weakely wrought.
Why do you dayly ſubtile plots deuiſe,
To ſtop me from the eares of common Senſe,
Whom ſince our great Queene *Pſyche* hath ordain'd,
For his ſound wiſdome, our Vice-gouernour,
To him, and to his two ſo wiſe aſſiſtants,
Nimble *Phantaſtes*, and firme *Memorie*:
My ſelfe and cauſe, I humbly do commit,
Let them but heare and iudge, I wiſh no more.
AVD Should they but know thy raſh preſumption,
They would correct it in the ſharpeſt ſort:
Good *Ione* what Senſe haſt thou to be a Senſe;
Since from the firſt foundation of the would,
We neuer were accounted more then fiue;
Yet you forſooth, an idle prating Dame,

Would faine increaſe the number, and vp-ſtart
To our high ſeates, decking your babling ſelfe
With vſurpt titles of our dignitie.
LING. An idle prating dame: know fond *Auditus*,
Records affirme my title full as good,
As his amongſt the fiue is counted beſt.
AVD. *Lingua* confeſſe the truth, th'art wont to lie.
LING. I ſay ſo too, therefore I do not lye,
But now ſpite of you all I ſpeake the truth.
You fiue among vs ſubiects tyrannize,
Making the ſacred name of common ſenſe,
A cloake to couer your enormities:
Hee beares the rule, hee's iudge but iudgeth ſtill,
As hee's informed by your falſe euidence:
So that a plaintife cannot haue acceſſe,
But through your gates hee heares but what, nought els
But that thy crafty eares to him conuaies,
And all hee ſees is by proud *Viſus* ſhewed him:
And what hee touches is by *Tactus* hand,
And ſmells I know but through *Olfactus* noſe,
Guſtus beginns to him what ere he taſtes:
By theſe quaint tricks free paſſage hath beene bard
That I could neuer equally bee heard,
But well tis well.
AVD. *Lingua* thy feeble ſexe,
Hath hither-to with-held my ready hands
That longd to plucke that nimble inſtrument.
LING. O horrible ingratitude? that thou,
That thou of all the reſt ſhouldſt threaten me:
Who by my meanes conceiuſt as many tongues,
As *Neptune* cloſeth lands betwixt his armes:
The ancient *Hebrewe* clad with miſteries,
The learned *Greeke* rich in fit Epithites.
Bleſt in the louely marriage of pure words,
The *Caldy* wiſe, the *Arabian* Phyſicall,
The *Romaine* Eloquent, and *Tuſcane* graue,
The Brauing *Spaniſh* and the ſmooth-tongd *French*,
Theſe pretious Iewells that adorne thine eares.

All

All from my mouthes rich Cabbinet are ſtolne,
How oft haſt thou beene chaind vnto my tongue,
Hang'd at my lips and rauiſht with my words,
So that a ſpeech faire fetherd could not flie:
But thy eares pit-fall caught it inſtantly,
But now O Heauens.

AVD. O heauens thou wrongſt me much,
Thou wrongſt me much thus falſely to vpbraide me:
Had not I granted thee the vſe of hearing,
That ſharpe edg'd tounge whetted againſt her maiſter,
Thoſe puffing lungs, thoſe teeth thoſe dropſie lippes,
That ſcalding throate thoſe noſthrils full of ire:
Thy pallate proper inſtruments of ſpeech,
Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
Vttring nought els but idle fiſlements,
Tunes without ſenſe, words inarticulate:
Had neere beene able to haue abuſ'd me thus.
Words are thy Children but of my begetting.

LING. Perfidious Liar how can I endure thee,
Cal'ſt my vnſpotted chaſtity in Queſtion:
O could I vſe the Breath mine anger ſpends,
I'de make thee knowe.

AVD. Heauens looke on my diſtreſſe,
Defend me from this rayling viperesſe:
For if I ſtay her words ſharpe vinigar,
Will fret me through, *Lingua* I muſt be gone:
I heare one cal me more then earneſtly. *Exit Anditus.*

LING. Nay the loud cannoning of thunder-boults,
Screeking of Wolues, houling of tortur'd Ghoſts
Purſue thee ſtill and fill thy amazed eares
With cold aſtoniſhment and horrid feares:
O how theſe ſenſes muffle common ſenſe:
And more, and more with pleaſing obiects ſtriue,
To dull his iudgement and preuert his will
To their be-heſts, who were he not ſo wrapt
I' the duſkie cloudes of their darke pollicies,
VVould neuer ſuffer right to ſuffer wronge,
Fie *Lingua* wilt thou now degenerate:

Art

Art not a woman, dooſt not loue reuenge,
Delightfull ſpeeches, ſweet perſwaſions
I haue this long time vſd to get my right,
My right that is to make the Senſes ſixe;
And haue both name and power with the reſt.
Oft haue I ſeaſoned ſauorie periods,
With ſugred words, to delude *Guſtus* taſte,
And oft embeliſht my entreatiue phraſe
With ſmelling flowres of vernant Rhetorique,
Limming and flaſhing it with various Dyes,
To draw proud *Viſus* to me by the eyes:
And oft perfum'd my petitory ſtile,
With Ciuet-ſpeach, t'entrap *Olfactus* Noſe,
And clad my ſelfe in Silken Eloquence,
To allure the nicer touch of *Tactus* hand,
But all's become loſt labour, and my cauſe
Is ſtill procraſtinated; therefore now,
Hence yee baſe off-ſpring of a broken minde,
Supple intreaties and ſmooth flatteries:
Go kiſſe the loue-ſick lippes of puling Guls,
That ſtill their Braine to quench their loues diſdaine,
Go guild the tongues of Bawdes and Paraſites,
Come not within my thoughts. But thou Deceipt,
Breake vp the pleaſure of my Brim-full breſt,
Enrich my minde with ſubtiſe pollicies.
Well then Ile goe, whither? nay what know I?
And do, in faith I will, the deuill knowes what,
What if I ſet them all at variance,
And ſo obteine to ſpeake, it muſt be ſo.
It muſt be ſo, but how? there lyes the point:
How? thus: but this deuiſe will neuer proue,
Augment it ſo, 'twill be too ſoone deſcride,
Or ſo, nor ſo, 'tis too too dangerous.
Piſh, none of theſe, what if I take this courſe? ha?
Why there it goes, good, good moſt excellent,
He that will catch Eeles muſt diſturbe the floud,
The Chickin's hatcht ifaith, for they are proud,
And ſoone will take a cauſe of diſagreement.

ACT.

ACTVS.1. SCENA.2.

MENDACIO, *attired in a Taffata ſute of a light colour changeable, like an ordinary page, Gloues, Hamper.*

LINGVA. MENDACIO.

LING. I ſee the heauens nurſe my new-borne deuiſe,
For loe my Page *Mendacio* comes already,
To file and Burniſh that I hammerd out,
Neuer in better time *Mendacio*,
What haſt thou done?
MEN. Done, yes long agoe.
LING. Iſt poſſible thou ſhouldſt diſpatch ſo ſoone?
MEN. Madame, I had no ſooner told
Tactus, that *Guſtus* would faine ſpeake with him:
But I ſpied *Viſus*, *Guſtus* and the reſt,
And ſerued them all with ſauce of ſeuerall lyes,
Now the laſt Senſe I ſpake with was *Olfactus*,
Who hauing ſmelt the meaning of my meſſage,
Straight blew his noſe, and quickly puft me hither,
But in the whirle-winde of his furious blaſt,
Had not by chance a Cobweb held me faſt,
Mendacio had beene with you long ere this.
LING. Witneſſe this lye, *Mendacio's* with me now,
But ſirra out of ieſting will they come?
MEND. Yes and it like your Ladyſhip preſently:
Here may you haue me preſt to flatter them.
LING. Ile flatter no ſuch proud Companions,
'Twill doe no good, therefore I am determined
To leaue ſuch baſeneſſe.
MEN. Then ſhall I turne and bid them ſtay at home.
LING. No, for their comming hither to this groue,
Shall be a meanes to further my deuiſe,
Therefore I pray thee *Mendacio* go preſently,
Run you vile Ape.
MEN. Whether?

LING. What dooſt thou ſtand?
MEN. Till I know what to doe.
LING. S'pretious 'tis true,
So might thou finely ore-run thine errand.
Haſt to my Cheſt.
MEN. I, I,
LING. There ſhalt thou find,
A gorgeous Robe, and golden Coronet,
Conuey them hither nimbly, let none ſee them.
MEN. Madam, I flie, I flie. *Exit* Mendacio.
LING. But here you ſirra?
Lock vp your fellow Seruant, *Veritas*.
MEND. I warrant you,
You need not feare, ſo long as I am with you.
He goes out, and comes in preſently.
What coulour is the Robe?
LING. There is but one. *Mendacio going, turnes in haſt.*
MEN. The Key Madam, the Key.
LING. By *Iuno* how forgetfull is ſuddaine ſpeed.
Here take it, runne.
MEN. Ile be here inſtantly. *Exit Mendacio.*

ACT. 1. SCENE. 3.

LINGVA *Sola.*

LING. Whilome this Crowne and gorgious ornament,
Were the great prize, for which fiue Orators,
With the ſharpe weapons of their tongues contended:
But all their ſpeeches were ſo equall wrought,
And a-like gratious, that if his were witty
His was as wiſe; the thirds faire eloquence
Did pararell the fourths ſinne grauitie,
The laſts good geſture kept the Ballance euen
With all the reſt ſo that the ſharpeſt eye,
And moſt iudicious cenſor could not iudge
To whom the hanging victory ſhould fall,
Therefore with one conſent they all agreed,

To

To offer vp both Crowne and Robe to me,
As the chiefe patroneſſe of their profeſſion,
Which heretofore I holily haue kept,
Like to a miſers gold, to looke on onely.
But now Ile put them to a better vſe,
And venter both, in hope to ———

ACT. I. SCENA. 4.

MENDACIO. LINGVA.

MEND. Haue I not hied me Madam? looke you here,
What ſhall be done with theſe temptations?
LING. They ſay a golden Ball,
Bred enmitie betwixt three Goddeſſes,
So ſhall this Crowne be author of debate,
Betwixt fiue Senſes.
MEND. Where ſhall it be laide?
LING. There, there, there, 'tis well, ſo, ſo, ſo,
MEND. A Crown's a pleaſing baite to looke vpon,
The craftieſt Foxe will hardly ſcape this trap.
LING. Come lets vs away, and leaue it to the chance.
MEND. Nay rather let me ſtand cloſe here-abouts,
And ſee the euent.
LING. Do ſo, and if they doubt
How it came there, faine them ſome pritty fable,
How that ſome God ———
MEND. Tut, tut, tut, let me alone,
I that haue fained ſo many hundred Gods,
Can eaſily forge ſome fable for the turne:
Whiſt Madame, away, away, you fright the Fowle,
Tactus comes hard by, looke you.
LING. Iſt he for certaine?
MEND. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he,
LING. 'Tis he indeed. *Exit Lingua.*

ACT. I. SCEN. 5.

TACTVS, *in a darke coloured Sattin mantle ouer a paire of ſilke Baſes, a Garland of Bayes mixt with white and red Roſes, vpon a blacke Grogaram, a Faulchion, wrought ſleeues, Buſkins. &c.*

MENDACIO. TACTVS.

MEN. Now chaſt *Diana* grant my netts to hold.

TACT. The blaſting Child-hood of the cheerefull morne
Is almoſt growne a youth and ouer-climbes
Yonder gilt Eaſterne hills, about which time,
Guſtus moſt earneſtly importund me,
To meete him here abouts, what cauſe I know not.

MEN. You ſhall do ſhortly to your coſt I hope.

TACT. Sure by the Sunne it ſhould be nine a clocke.

MEN. What a ſtar-gazer, will you neere looke downe?

TACT. Cleere is the Sunne and blewe the Firmament,
Me thinkes the heauens do ſmile. *Tactus ſneezeth.*

——— MEN. At thy miſhap.
To looke ſo high and ſtumble in a trap.

Tactus *ſtumbleth at the Robe and Crowne.*

TAC. High thoughts haue ſlippry feete, I had well nie falne.

MEN. Well doth he fall that riſeth with a fall.

TACT. Whats this?

MEN. O are you taken, tis in vaine to ſtriue.

TACT. How now?

MEN. Youle be ſo entangled ſtraight.

TACT. A Crowne?

MEN. That it will be heard.

TACT. And a Robe.

MEN. To looſe your ſelfe.

TAC. A Crowne and a Robe.

MEN. It had beene fitter for you, to haue found a fooles coate and a Bable, hey, hey.

TAC. *Iupiter, Iupiter*, how came this here?

MEN.

MEN. O Sir *Iupiter* is making Thunder hee heres you not, heres one knowes better.

TACT. Tis wondrous rich, ha, but ſure it is not ſo, ho,
Do I not ſleepe and dreame of this good luck, ha.
No I am awake and feele it now
Whoſe ſhould it be? *He takes it vp*

MEN. Set vp a *Si quis* for it.

TACT. *Mercury* alls mine owne, heres none to cry halfes mine.

MEN. When I am gone. *Exit* Mendacio.

ACT. I. SCEN. 6.

TACTVS *ſolus:*

TACT. *Tactus* thy ſneezing ſomewhat did portend,
VVas euer man ſo fortunate as I?
To breake his ſhinnes at ſuch a ſtumbling Block.
Roſes and Baies packe hence: this Crowne and Robe,
My Browes and Bodie circles and inueſts,
How gallantly it fitts me, ſure the ſlaue,
Meaſurd my head that wrought this Coronet.
They lie that ſay Complections cannot change:
My Bloud's enabled, and I am tranſform'd,
Vnto the ſacred temper of a King,
Me thinke I here my noble Paraſites
Stiling me *Caeſar*, or great *Alexander*,
Licking my feete and wondring where I got
This pretious ointment; how my pace is mended,
How princely do I ſpeake, how ſharpe I threaten:
Peaſants Ile curbe your head ſtrong impudence:
And make you tremble when the Lyon roares,
Yea earth-bred wormes. O for a looking glaſſe:
Poets will write whole volumes of this ſcarre,
VVhere's my attendants? Come hither Sirra quickly.
Or by the wings of *Hermes*.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 7.

OLFACTVS, *in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with white and red Roses vpon a falſe hayre, his ſleeues wrought with flowers vnder a Damaſk mantle ouer a paire of ſilke Baſes, a paire of Buſkins drawne with riband, a flowre in his hand.*

TACTVS. OLFACTVS.

TACT. Ay me *Olfactus* comes, I cald too ſoone,
Heele haue halfe part I feare what ſhall I do!
Where ſhall I run? how ſhall I ſhift him of! *Tactus wrappes vp*
OLF. This is the time & this the place appointed, *the robe and*
Where *Viſus* promiſ'd to conferre with me. *crowne and*
I thinke hee's there —— No, no, tis *Tactus* ſure. *ſits vpon thē.*
How now? What makes you ſit ſo nicely?
TACT. Its paſt immagination, its ſo indeed.
OLF. How faſt his deeds are fixed and how melancholly he lookes. *Tactus, Tactus.*
TACT. For this is true, Mans life is wondrous brittle:
OLF. He's mad I thinke he talkes ſo Idely, ſo ho, *Tactus.*
TACT. And many haue beene metamorphoſed,
To ſtranger matters and more vncoth formes,
OLF. I muſt go neerer him he doth not heare.
TACT. And yet me thinks, I ſpeake as I was wont
And ——
OLF. *Tactus, Tactus.*
TACT. *Olfactus* as thou loueſt come not neere me, (them)
OLF. Why art thou hatching eggs th'art feard to breake
TACT. Touch me not leaſt thou chance to breake my life.
OLF. Whats this vnder thee?
TACT. If thou meddle with mee I am vtterly vndone,
OLF. Why man what ayles thee?
TACT. Let me alone and Ile tell thee,
Lately I came from fine *Fantaſtes* houſe.
OLF. So I beleeue for thar't very fooliſh.
TACT. No ſooner had I parted out of doores,
But vp I held my hands before my face:

To

To sheild mine eyes from th' lights percing beames,
When I protest I saw the Sunne as cleere,
Through these my palmes as through a prospectiue:
No marueile,for when I beheld my fingers:
I sawe my fingers neere transform'd to glasse,
Opening my breast,my Breast was like a windowe,
Through which I plainely did perceiue my heart:
In whose two Concaues I discernd my thoughts,
Confus'dly lodged in great multitudes.

OLF. Ha,ha,ha,ha,why this is excellent,
Momus himselfe can find no fault with thee
Thou'st make a passing liue *Anatomie*.
And decide the Question much disputed:
Betwixt the *Galenists* and *Aristotle*.

TACT. But when I had ariu'd and set me downe,
Viewing my selfe,my selfe ay me was changed.
As thou now seest to a perfect vrinall.

OLF. T'a perfect vrinal,O monstrous monstrous,art not mad to thinke so?

TACT. I do not thinke so,but I say I am so,
Therefore *Olfactus* come not neere I aduise you:

OLF. See the strange working of dull mellanchollie,
Whose drossy drying the feeble Braine,
Corrupts the sense,deludes the Intellect.
And in the soules faire table falsly graues,
Whole squadrons of phantastic all *Chimeras*
And thousand vaine immaginations:
Making some thinke their heads as big as horses,
Some that th'ar dead, some that th'ar turnd to Wolues:
As now it makes him thinke himselfe all glasse,
Tactus diswade thy selfe,thou doest but thinke so.

TACT. *Olfactus* if thou louest mee get thee gone,
I am an vrinall I dare not stirre.
For feare of cracking in the Bottome.

OLF. Wilt thou sit thus all day?

TACT. Vnlesse thou helpe me.

OLF. Bedlam must helpe thee,what wouldst haue me do!

TACT. Go to the Citty make a Case fit for me,

Stuffe

Stuffe it with wooll, then come againe and fetch.

OLF. Ha, ha, ha, thou'lt be laught out of caſe & countenance.

TACT. I care not, ſo it muſt be, or I cannot ſtirre.

OLF. I had beſt leaue troubling him he's obſtinate, (Vrinall I leaue you) but aboue all things take heed *Iupiter* ſees you not, for if he doe heele nere make water in a ſiue: againe thoult ſerue his turne ſo fit to carry his water vnto *Æſculapius*, Farewell Vrinall, Farewell.

TACT. Speake not ſo lowd, the ſounds inough to crack me, What is he gone? I an Vrinall, ha, ha, ha, I proteſt I might haue had my face waſht finely, if he had meant to abuſe me: I an Vrinall, ha, ha, ha, go to, Vrinall you haue ſcapt a faire ſcouring, well Ile away, and get me to mine owne houſe, there Ile lock vp my ſelfe faſt, playing the Chimick, augmenting this one Crowne to troopes of Angels', with which gold-winged meſſengers, I meane,

To worke great wonders, as to build and purchaſe,
Fare daintily, tie vp mens tongues, and looſe them,
Cómmand their liues, their goods, their liberties,
And captiue all the world with chaines of gold,
Hey, hey, tery linkum tinkum. *He offers to go out, but comes*
O *Hercules*! *in ſuddenly amazed.*
Fortune the Queene, delights to play with me,
Stopping my paſſage with the ſight of *Viſus*,
But as he makes hether Ile make hence,
Theres more wayes to the wood then one. *He offers to go out at the other doore, but returnes againe in haſt*
What more Diuils to affright me?
O Diabolo, *Guſtus* comes here to vexe me.
So that I poore wretch, am like a Shittle-cock betwixt two Battledores. If I runne there, *Viſus* beates me to *Scilla*, If here, then *Guſtus* blowes me to *Carybdis*.
Neptune hath ſworne my hope ſhall ſuffer ſhipwrack.
What ſhall I ſay?
Mine Vrinal's too thin to bide the fury of ſuch ſtormes as theſe.

ACTVS.

ACT. I. SCEN. 8.

VISVS, *in a Garland of Bayes mixt with white and red Roſes, a light coloured Taffata mantle ſtriped with ſiluer, and fringd vpon greene ſilke Baſes, Buskins. &c.*
GVSTVS *in the ſame faſhion, differing onely in colour,*
TACTVS, *in a corner of the Stage.*

VISVS. GVSTVS. TACTVS.

VIS. *Guſtus* good day.
GVST. I cannot haue a bad,
Meeting ſo faire an *omen* as your ſelfe.
TACT. Shall I? wilt proue? ha? well 'tis beſt to venture.
Tactus puts on the robes.
GVST. Saw you not *Tactus*, I ſhould ſpeake with him.
TACT. Perchance ſo, a ſodaine lye hath beſt luck.
VIS. That face is his, or elſe mine eye's deceiu'd,
Why how now *Tactus*, what ſo gorgious?
GVST. Where didſt thou get theſe faire habiliments?
TACT. Stand back I charge you as you loue your liues,
By *Stix*, the firſt that toucheth me ſhall dye.
VIS. I can diſcerne no weapons, will he kill vs?
TACT. Kill you? not I, but come not neere me you had beſt.
VIS. Why, art thou mad?
TACT. Friends as you loue your liues,
Venture not once to come within my reach.
GVST. Why doſt threaten ſo?
TACT. I do not threaten, but in pure loue aduiſe you for the beſt,
Dare not to touch me but hence flie a pace,
Adde wings vnto your feete and ſaue your liues.
VIS. Why what's the matter *Tactus* prethe tell me?
TACT. If you will needs ieopard your liues ſo long,
As heare the ſ round of my amazedneſſe,
Then for your better ſafetie ſtand aſide.
GVST. How full of ceremonies, ſure he'le coniure,
For ſuch like Robes *Magitians* vſe to weare.
VIS. Ile ſee the end, though he ſhould vnlock Hell:

And set th'infernall hagges at libertie.
TACT. How rash is man on bidden armes to rush.
It was my chance, O chance most miserable,
To walke that way that to *Crumena* leads.
GVST. You meane *Cremona* a little Towne hard by.
TACT. I say *Crumena*, called *Vacua*,
A Towne which doth, and alwaies hath belongd,
Chiefely to Schollers: from *Crumena* walles,
I saw a man came stealing craftily,
Apparelled in this vesture which I weare,
But seeing me eft-soones, he tooke his heeles,
And threw his garment from him all in hast,
Which I perceiuing to be richly wrought,
Tooke it me vp: But good now get you gone,
Warn'd by my harmes, and scape my miserie.
VIS. I know no danger, leaue these circumstances.
TAC. No sooner had I put it on my back,
But suddainly mine eyes began to dim,
My ioints waxe sore, and all my body burne
With most intestiue torture, and at length,
It was too euident, I had caught the plague.
VIS. The plague, away good *Gustus* lets be gone,
I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me,
Crumena Vacua neuer wants the plague.
GVST. *Tactus* Ile put my selfe in ieopardy to pleasure thee.
TACT. No gentle *Gustus*, your absence is the onely thing I wish,
Least I infect you with my companie.
GVST. Farewell. *Exit Gustus.*
VIS. I willingly would stay to do thee good.
TACT. A thousand thankes, but since I needs must die,
Let it suffice, death onely murthers me,
Oh 'twould augment the dolour of my death,
To know my selfe the most vnhappy Bowe,
Through which pale death should aime his shafts at you.
VIS. *Tactus* farewell, yet die with this good hope,
Thy corps shall be intetred as they ought. *Exit Visus.*
TAC. Go make my Tombe, prouide my funerals, ha, ha, ha,
Excellent Asses thus to be deluded, (ha, ha, ha,
Bewaile his death and cruell destinies,

That

That liues, and laughes your fooleries to ſcorne,
But wher's my Crowne, oh here: I well deſerue,
Thus to be crowned for two great victories, ha, ha, ha,
Viſus take care my corps be well interr'd:
Go make my tombe, and write vpon the ſtone.
Here lyes the Senſe, that lying guld them all,
With a falſe plague, and fained Vrinall.

ACT. 1. SCENE. 9.

AVDITVS. TACTVS.

AVD. *Tactus, Tactus.*

TAC. O *Iupiter*, 'tis *Auditus* all's mard, I doubt the ſlie knaue heres ſo farre, but yet Ile grope him: how now Eares, what make you here, ha?

AVD. Nay, what make you here, I pray what were you talking euen now, of an Aſſe, & a Crowne, & an Vrinall & a plague?

TAC. A plague on you, what I? AVD. Oh, what you.

TAC. O I had well nigh forgot nothing, but I ſay ——

AVD. What?

TA. That if a man (do you marke ſir) being ſick of the plague (do you ſee ſir) had a a, a, hem, hem, (this cold troubles me, it makes me cough ſomtimes extreamly,) had a *French* Crowne, (ſir you vnderſtand me) lying by him, and (come hither, come hither) & would not beſtow 2. pence (do you heare) to buy an vrinall (do you marke me) to cary his water to the Phiſitiã, (hem)

AVD. What of all this?

TA. I ſay ſuch a one was a very Aſſe, this was al I vſe to ſpeak to my ſelfe, whẽ I am alone; but *Auditus*, when ſhall wee heare a new ſet of ſinging-books, or th'viols, or the cõſort of Inſtrumẽts,

AV. This was not al, for I heard mẽtiõ of a tombe, & an epitaph.

TAC. True, true, I made my ſelfe mery with this Epitaph, vpon ſuch a fooles tombe thus a, thus, thus, plague brought this man, (ſoh I haue forgotten) ô thus, plague brought this man (ſo, ſo, ſo) vnto his buriall, becauſe, becauſe, becauſe, (hem, hem) becauſe he would not buy an vrinall, come, come *Auditus*, ſhall we here thee play, the *Lyeroway*, or the *Lute-way* ſhall we, or the Cornet, or any Muſicke, I am greatly reuiued when I heare.

AVD. *Tactus, Tactus*, this will not ſerue, I heard all, you haue not found a Crowne: you, no, you haue not.

ACT. 1. SCEN. *Vltima.*

TACTVS. AVDITVS. VISVS. GVSTVS. MENDATIO.

TACT. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hether, harke thee good nowe.

AVD. I cannot hold I muſt needes tell,

TACT. O do not, do not, do not, come hether, will you bee a foole?

VIS. Had he not wings vpon his feete and ſhoulders?

MEN. Yes, yes and a fine wand in his hand,
Curiouſly wrapped with a paire of ſnakes.

TACT. Will halfe content you, piſh twil nere be knowne.

GVST. My life, twas *Mercury*.

MEND. I do not knowe his name but this I am ſure his hat had wings vp'ont.

VIS. Doubtles twas he, but ſay my Boy what did he?

MEND. Firſt I beheld him houering in the aire,
And then downe ſtouping, with a hundred gires:
His feete he fixed on *Mount Chephalon*,
From whence he flew and lighted on that plaine,
And with diſdainefull ſteps ſoone glided thether:
Whether arriued, he ſuddenly vnfoulds
A gorgeous Robe, and glittering ornament,
And laye them all, vpon that hillocke:
This done he wafts his wand, tooke wing againe,
And in a moment vaniſht out of ſight,
With that mine eies gan ſtare, and heart grew cold,
And all my quiuering ioynts with ſweat bedewd:
My heeles my thought had wings as well as his,
And ſo away I runne, but by the way:
I met a man as I thought comming thether,

GVST. What markes had he?

MEND. He had a great —— what this is he, this is he,

VIS. What *Tactus*?

GVST. This was the plauge vext him ſo,
Tactus your Graue gapes, for you are you ready:

VIS. Since you muſt needes die, do as others do,
Leaue all your goods behind you; bequeath the
Crowne and Robe, to your executors.

TACT. No ſuch matter I like the *Egiptian* Knights,
For the more ſtate, wilbe buried in them.

VIS. Come, come deliuer:

Viſus ſnatcheth the crowne and ſees letters grauen in it.

TACT. What will you take my purſe from me?

VIS. No but a Crowne, thats iuſt more then your owne.
Ha, whats this? tis a very ſmall hand,
VVhat Inſcription is this?

Hee of the five that proues himſelfe the beſt,
Shall haue his Temples with this Coronet bleſt.

This Crowne is mine, and mine this garment is,
For I haue alwaies beene accounted beſt.

TACT. Next after mee, I as your ſelfe at any time: beſides I
found it firſt, therefore tis mine.

GVST. Neither of youres, but mine as much as both,

AVD. And mine the moſt of any of you all,

VIS. Giue me it or els ——————

TACT. Ile make you late repent it ——————

GVST. Preſumptious as you are ——————

AVD. Spite of your teeth ——————

MEND. Neuer till now a ha it workes a pace,
Viſus I know tis yours and yet me thinkes:
Auditus you ſhould haue ſome challenge to it,
But that your title *Tactus* is ſo good:
Guſtus I would ſweare the Coronet were yours,
VVhat will you all go braule about a trifle:
Viewe but the pleaſant coaſt of *Mycrocoſme*,
Iſt not great pitty to be rent with warres,
Iſt not a ſhame, to ſtaine with briniſh teares,
The ſmiling cheekes of euer-cheerefull peace,
Iſt not farre better to liue quietly:
Then broyle in fury of diſſention,
Giue me the Crowne ye ſhall not diſagree,
If I can pleaſe you; Ile play *Paris* part,
And moſt vnpartiall iudge the controuerſie:

VIS. Sauce-box goe meddle with your Ladies fanne,
and prate not here.
MEND. I speake not for my selfe, but for my Countries safe
VIS. Sirra be still. (commoditie.)
MEND. Nay and you be so hot the deuill part you,
Ile to *Olfactus* and send him amongst you.
O that I were *Alecto* for your sakes:
How liberally wou'd I bestow my snakes. *Exit Mendico.*
VIS. *Tactus* vpon thine honour,
I challenge thee to meete me here,
Stronge as thou canst prouide in tha'fternoone.
TACT. I vnder-take the Challenge, and heres my hand,
In signe thou shalt be answered.
GVST. *Tactus* Ile ioyne with thee, on this condition,
That if we win, he that fought best of vs,
Shall haue the Crowne, the other weare the Robe.
TACT. Giue me your hand I like the motion.
VIS. *Auditus* shall we make our forces double,
Vpon the same termes.
AVD. Very willingly,
VIS. Come lets away feare not the victory.
Rights more aduantage, then an host of soldiars. *Exeunt omnes.*
Finis. Act. *primi.*

Actus. 2. Scena 1.

APPETITVS. *A long leane Raw-bon'd fellow in a Souldiers coate, a sword, &c.*

MENDACIO. APPETITVS.

MEND. I long to see those hot-spur senses at it, they say they haue gallant preparations, and not vnlikely, for most of the soldiers are ready in Armes since the last feild fought against their yearely enemy *Meleager*, & his wife *Acrasia*; that Conquest hath so flesht them that no peace can hold them. But had not *Meleager* beene sicke, and *Acrasia* drunke, the senses might haue whistled for the victory.

APP.

APP. Foh, what a ſtincke of gunpouder is yonder?

MEND. Whoes this! oh oh tis *Appetitus*, *Guſtus* his hungry Paraſite.

APP. I cannot indure the ſmoking of Gunnes, the thundering of drums, I had rather here the merry hacking of pothearbs, and ſee the reaking of a hot capon. If they would vſe no other Bucklers in warre, but ſheilds of Brawne, brandiſh no ſwords but ſweards of Bacon, traile no ſpeares, but ſparribs of Porke, and inſteed of Hargebuſh peices diſcharge Hartichockpies, toſſe no pikes but boyled pickrills, then *Appetitus* would rouſe vp his creſt, and beare vp him ſelfe with the proudeſt.

MEND. Ah heres a youth ſtarke naught at a trench, but old dog at a trencher, a tall ſquire at a ſquare table.

APP. But now my good maſters muſt pardon mee, I am not for their ſeruice, for their ſeruice is without ſeruice, and indeed their ſeruice is too hoat for my diet. But what. If I bee not my ſelfe, but only this be my ſpirit that wanders vp and downe, and *Appetitus* be kild in the Camp, the Diuill he is as ſoone, howes that poſſible? tut tut I know I am, I, I am *Appetitus*, and aliue too, by this Infallible token, that I feele my ſelfe hungry.

MEND. Thou mightſt haue taken a better token of thy ſelfe, by knowing thou art a foole.

APP. Wel the though I made my fellow ſouldiers admire the beauty of my backe & wonder at the nimblenes of my heeles, yet now wil I at ſaftie at home, tell in what dangers they are abroad, Ile ſpeake nothing but guns, and glaues, and ſtaues, and phalanges, & ſquadrons, and barracadoes, ambuſcadoes, palmedoes blanke point dept, counterpoint, counter ſcrafe, fallies and lies, ſaladoes, tarantantaras, ranta, tara tara, hey (adone.)

MEND. I muſt take the fife out of his mouth or he'le nere

APP. But aboue all Ile bee ſure on my knees to thanke the great ——— *Mendacio blinds him.*

MEND. Who am I, who am I, who I? (your ſide.

APP. By the bloud-ſtaind fauchion of Mauors — — I am on

MEND. Why, who am I?

APP. Are you a ſouldier?

MEND. No.

APP. Then you are maiſter *Helluo* the Bear-heard,

MEND. No, no, he's dead.

APP.

APP. Or *Gulono* the gutty Seriant, or *Delphino* the Vinter, or els I know you not, for theſe are all my acquaintance.

MEN. Would I were hangd if I be any of theſe.

APP. What *Mendacio*, by the faith of a Knight thou art welcome, I muſt borrow thy Whetſtone to ſharpen the edges of my martiall complements.

MEN. By the faith of a Knight, what a pox, where are thy Spurres?

APP. I need no ſpurres, I ride like *Pegaſus* on a winged horſe, on a ſwift Gennet, my Boy, called feare.

MEN. What ſhouldſt thou feare in the warres? hee's not a good ſouldier that hath not a good ſtomack.

APP. O, but the ſtinke of powder ſpoiles *Appetitus* ſtomack, and then thou knowſt when 'tis gone, *Appetitus* is dead, therefore I very manfully drew my ſword, and flouriſht it brauely about mine eares, kiſt, and finding my ſelfe hurt, moſt manfully ranne away. (field,

MEN. All heart indeed, for thou ran'ſt like a Hart out of the It ſeemes then the Senſes meane to fight it out.

APP. I and out-fight themſelues I thinke, and all about a triſle, a paltrie bable, found I know not where.

MEN. Thou art deceiued, they fight for more then that, a thing called ſuperioritie, of which the Crowne is but an Embleme.

APP. *Mendacio* hang' this ſuperioritie, Crowne mee no Crowne but *Bacchus* Crowne of Roſes, giue mé no Scepter, but a fat Capons legge, to ſhew that I am the great King of *Hungarie*, therefore I prethee talke no more of ſtate-matters, but in briefe, tell mee my little raſcall, how thou haſt ſpent thy time this many a day?

MEN. Faith in ſome credit ſince thou ſaw'ſt me laſt.

APP How ſo, where?

MEN. Euery where; in the Court your Gentlewomen hang me at their Apron ſtrings, and that makes them anſwer ſo readily. In the Cittie I am honour'd like a God, none ſo well acquainted with your tradeſmen: your Lawyers all the Terme time hire me of my Lady, your Gallants if they heare my name abuſed, they ſtab for my ſake: your Trauellers ſo dote vpon me

as

as passes, O they haue good reason, for I haue carried them to many a good meale, vnder the Countenance of my familiarity: nay your Statesmen haue oftentimes closely cõueied me vnder their tongues, to make their pollicies more currant, As for oldmen they challenge my Company by authority.

APP. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

MEND. Nowe when I am disposed I can Philophy it in the Vniuersity, with the subtilest of them all.

APP. I cannot be perswaded that t' art acquainted with Schollers euer since thou wert prest to death in a Print-house.

MEND. No, why I was the first founder of the 3. sects of Phylosophy except on of the Peripatetticks who accknowledge *Aristotle* (I confesse) their great Grand-father.

APP. Thou Boy, how is this possible? thou art but a Child and there were sects of Philosophy before thou wert borne.

MEND. *Appetitus*, thou mistakest me, I tell thee, 3000. yeares agoe was *Mendacio* borne in *Greece*, nurst in *Creete* and euer since honoured euery where: Ile bee sworne I held old *Homers* pen when hee write his *Illiads*, and his *Odisses*.

APP. Thou hadst need, for I heare say he was blind.

MEND. I helped *Herodotus* to pen some part of his muses, lent *Pliny* inke to write his history, rounded *Rabalais* in the eare when he historified *Pantagruell*, as for *Lucian* I was his Genius, O those two Bookes *De Vera historia* howsoeuer they go vnder his name, Ile be sworne I writ them euery title.

APP. Sure as I am Hungry thou'st haue it for lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of excercise?

MEND. Nothing lesse, I must confesse I would faine haue iogged *Stow* and great *Hollings-head* on their elbowes, when they were about their Chronicles, and as I remember Sir *John Mandeuills* trauells, and a great part of the *Decads* were of my doing. But for the mirror of Knight-hood, *Beuis* of *Southampton*, *Palmerin* of *England*, *Amadis* of *Gaule*, *Huon de Burdeaux*, Sir *Guy* of *Warwick Martin marprellate*, *Robin-hood*, *Garragantua*, *Gerilion* and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breath on my breath vp and downe.

APP. Downewards Ile sweare for the'rs stinking lies in them.

MEN. But what should I light a Candle to the bright Sunne-

ſhine of my glorious renowne, the whole world is full of *Mendacies* fame.

APP. And ſo it wilbe ſo long as the world is full of fame.

MEND. But Sirra how haſt thou done this long time?

APP. In as much requeſt as thy ſelfe. To begin with the Court as thou didſt, I lie with the Ladies all night, and thats the reaſon they call for Cullies, and Gruellies, ſo early before their praiers, your gallāts neuer ſup, break-faſt, or Beauer without me.

MEND. Thats falſe for I haue ſeene them eate with a full ſtomacke.

APP. True, but becauſe they know a little thinge driues mee from them, therefore in midſt of meate they preſent mee with ſome ſharpe ſauce or a diſh of delicate Anchoues, or a Cauiare, to intice me backe againe, nay more, your olde Sirs that hardly go without a propp, will walke a mile or two euery day to renew their acquaintance with mee, as for the *Academie* it is beholding to mee, for adding the eight prouince vnto noble *Heptarchie* of the liberall ſciences.

MEND. Whats that I prethee.

APP. The moſt deſired and honorable art of Cookerie. Now Sirra in the Citty I am ——— ſt, ſt. O the body of a Louſe.

MEND. What art a louſe in the Citty?

APP. Not a word more for yonder comes *Phantaſtes*, and ſome bodie elſe.

MEND. What a pox can *Phantaſtes* do?

APP. Worke a miracle if he would proue wiſe.

MEN. Tis he indeede, the vileſt nup: yet the foole loues mee exceedinglie but I care not for his company for if he once catch me, I ſhall neuer be rid of him. *Exeunt Appet. and Mend.*

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

PHANTASTES. *A ſwart complexion'd fellow but quick ey'd, in a white Satten dublet of one faſhion, greene velues hoſe of another? A phantaſtical hat with a plume of fethers of ſeuerall colours, a little ſhort taffata cloake, a paire of Buſkins cut, drawne out with ſundry colowred Ribands, with ſcarfes hung about him,*

after

after all fashions, and of all colldurs, ringes, Iewells, a fanne, and in euery place other od complements.

HEVRESIS. *A nimble sprighted page in the newest fashion with a garland of Bayes. &c.*

PHANTASTES. HEVRESIS.

PHAN. Sirra Boy *Heuresis* boy how now byting your nailes?

HEV. Three things haue trobled my braine this many a day, and iust now, when I was laying hold on the Inuention of thē, your suddaine call, made them like *Tantalus* apples, flie from my fingers.

PH. Some great matters questionles, what were they?

HEV. The quadrature of a circle, the Philosophers stone and the next way to the Indies;

PH. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once for theile bee found out altogither, *ad græcas calendas*, but let them passe and cary the conceite, I told you this morning to the partie you wot of. In my immagination tis Capritious, t'will take I warrant thee.

HEV. I will Sir, But what say you to the gentleman that was with you yesterday?

PH. O I thinke thou meanest him that made 19. sonnets of his mistris Busk-point;

HEV. The same, the same, Sir. You promis'd to helpe him out with th' twentith.

PHA. By *Iupiters* clouen pate tis true. But wee witty fellowes are so forgetfull, but stay, hu, hu, cary him this.

The gordian knot which Alexander *great,*
Did whilom cut with his all conquering swords,
Was nothing like thy Busk-point pretty Peate,
Nor could so faire an augury afford.

Then to conclude let him peruert *Catullus* his *zonam soluit diu ligatam* thus, thus.

Which if I chaunce to cut or als vntie,
Thy little world Ile conquer presently.

Tis pretty, pretty, tell him twas extemporall,

HEV. Well Sir, but now for Maister *Inamoratos* loue-letter.

PH. Some netling stuffe yfaith; let him write thus,

Moſt heart commanding fac't Gentlewoman, euen as the ſtone in *India* called *Baſaliſcus*, hurts all that lookes on it: and as the Serpent in *Arabia* called *Smaragdus* delighteth the ſight, ſo does thy celeſtiall orbe aſſimilating eyes, both pleaſe, and in pleaſing wound my loue-darted heart.

HEV. But what trick ſhall I inuent for the concluſion?

PHA. Piſh any thing Loue will miniſter Inke for the reſt, He that once begun well, hath halfe done, let him begin againe and there's all.

HEV. Maiſter *Gullio* ſpoke for a new faſhion, what for him?

PHA. A faſhion for his ſute——let him button it downe the ſleeue with foure elbowes, and ſo make it the pure heiroglyphick of a foole.

HEV. Nay then let me requeſt one thing of you.

PHA. What's that Boy? by this faire hand thou ſhalt haue it.

HEV. Miſtriſſe *Superbia* a Gentlewoman of my acquaintance wiſht me to deuiſe her a new ſet: for her Ruffe, and an odde tire, I pray ſir helpe me out with it.

PHA. Ah Boy in my conceit it's a heard matter to performe, theſe women haue well nigh tired me, with deuiſing tires for them, and ſet me at an *non plus* for new ſets, their heads are ſo light, & their eyes ſo coye, that I know not how to pleaſe them.

HEV. I pray Sir, ſhe hath a bad face, and faine would haue ſutors, Phantaſticall and odde apparrell, would perchance draw ſome body to looke on her.

PHA. If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it, the worſe, bid her weare the multitude of her deformities vnder a maske, till my leaſure will ſerue to deuiſe ſome durable, and vnſtained bluſh of painting.

HEV. Very good Sir.

PHA. Away then, hye thee againe, meete me at the Court within this houre at the fartheſt. *Exit Heureſit.*

Oh heauens, how haue I beene troubled theſe latter times with Women, Fooles, Babes, Taylers, Poets, Swaggerers, Guls, Ballad-makers, they haue almoſt diſrobed me of all the toyes and trifles I can deuiſe, were it not that I pitty the poore multitude of Printers, theſe Sonnet-mungers ſhould ſtarue for conceits, for all *Phantaſtes*. But theſe puling Louers, I cannot but laugh at them

them and their Encomions of their Miſtreſſes. They make forſooth her hayre of Gold, her eyes of Diamond, her cheekes of Roſes, her lippes of Rubies, her teeth of Pearle, and her whole body of Iuory: and when they haue thus Idold her like *Pigmalion*, they fall downe and worſhip her. *Pſyche*, thou haſt laid a hard taske vpon my ſhoulders, to inuent at euery ones aske, were it not that I refreſh my dulneſſe once a day with my moſt Angelicall preſence, 'twere vnpoſſible for me to vndergo it.

ACTVS. 2. SCENA. 3.

COMMVNIS SENSVS, *a graue man in a Black velvet caſſocke like a Councellor, ſpeakes comming out of the dore.*

COMMVNIS SENSVS. PHANTASTES.

COM.S. I cannot ſtay, I tell you 'tis more then time I were at Court, I know my ſoueraine *Pſyche* hath expected me this houre

PHA. In good time, yonder comes *Common-ſenſe*, I imagine it ſhould be he by his voice.

COM.S. Craue my counſell, tell me what maner of man he is? can he entertaine a man into his houſe, can he hold his Velvet Cap in one hand, and vale his bonnet with the other? knowes he how to become a Scarlet gowne, hath he a paire of freſh poſts at his doore?

PHA. Hee's about ſome haſty State-matters, he talkes of poſts me thinkes.

COM.S. Can hee part a couple of Dogges brawling in the ſtreete? why then chooſe him Mayor vpon my credit, heele proue a wiſe officer.

PHA. Saue you my Lord, I haue attended your leiſure this houre.

COM.S. Fye vpon't what a toile haue I had to chooſe them a Mayor yonder? there's a fuſtie Currier will haue this man: there's a Chandlor wipes his noſe on his ſleeue, and ſweares it ſhall not bee ſo. There's a Muſterd-maker lookes as keene as Viniger will haue another: O this many headed multitude, it's a hard matter to pleaſe them.

PHA. Especially where the multitude is so well headed. But I pray you where's Maister *Memory*? hath hee forgotten himselfe that he is not here.

COM. SEN. 'Tis high time he were at Court, I would he would come.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

MEMORY, *an old decrepit man, in a black Velvet Cassock, a Taffata Gowne furred, with white Grogaram, a white beard, Velvet slippers, a Watch, Staffe, &c.*

ANAMNESTES *his Page, in a graine Sattin sute Purple, Buskins, a Garland of Bayes and Rosemary, a gimmall ring with one linke hanging, Ribbands and Threds tyed to some of his fingers, in his hand a paire of Table-bookes, &c.*

MEMORIE. ANAMNESTES. PHANTASTES. SENS. COM.

MEM. How soone a wise man shall haue his wish.

COM. SE. *Memory* the season of your comming is very ripe.

PH. Had you staid a little longer 'twould haue bin starke rotte.

MEM. I am glad I sau'd it from the Swine—. Spretious I haue forgot something. O my purse, my purse, why *Anamnestes*? Remembrance where art thou *Anamnestes* Remembrance, that vild Boy is alwayes gadding, I remember he was at my heeles, euen now and now the vild Rascall is vanisht.

PHA. Is he not here? why then in my imagination hee's left behind, ô la *Anamnestes* remembrance.

AN. (*running in hast.*) Anon, anon, sir anon, anon sir, anon, anon sir, anon, anon, sir.

MEM. Ha sirra, what a brawling's here?

AN. I do but giue you an answer with anon Sir.

MEM. You answer sweetly, I haue cald you three or foure times one after another.

AN. Sir, I hope I answered you 3. or 4. times, one in the neck of another. But if your good worship haue lent me any more calls, tell me, and Ile repay them as I am a Gentleman.

MEM. Leaue your tattle, had you come at first I had not spent so much breath in vaine.

AN. The truth is Sir, the first time you called, I heard you not, the second I vnderstood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you or no: the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason I answered so suddenly.

MEM. Gee sirra, runne, seeke euery where, I haue lost my purse some where.

AN. I go sir; Go sirra, seeke, runne, I haue lost, bring, here's a Dogges life with a poxe, shall I bee alwayes vsde like a water-Spanniell. *Exit* Anan. (now-a-dayes.

COM. Come good Maister Register, I wonder you be so late

MEM. My good Lord, I remember that I knew your Grand-father in this your place, and I remember your Grand-fathers great Grand-fathers, Grand-fathers Fathers, Father, yet in those dayes I neuer remember that any of them could say, that *Register Memory* euer broke one minute of his appointment.

COM. S. Why good Father, why are you so late now a dayes?

MEM. Thus 'tis, the most customers I remember my selfe to haue, are (as your Lordship knowes) Schollers, and now a daies the most of them are become Critticks, bringing me home such paltry things to lay vp for them, that I can hardly finde them againe.

PH. *Iupiter, Iupiter*, I had thought these Flyes had bit none but my selfe, do Critticks tickle you yfaith?

MEM. Very familiarly: for they must know of me forsooth how euery idle word is written in all the mustie moath-eaten *Manuscripts*, kept in all the old Libraries in euery Cittie betwixt *England* and *Peru*.

COM. SEN. Indeed I haue noted these times to affect Antiquities, more then is requisite.

MEM. I remember in the age of *Assaracus* and *Ninus*, and about the warres of *Thebes*, and the siege of *Troy*, there was few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the preseruing, but now euery trifle must be wrapped vp in the volume of eternitie. A rich pudding-wife, or a Coblet cánot die but I must immortalize his name with an Epitaph: A dog cannot pisse in a Noblemans shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the Chronicles, so that I neuer could remember my Treasure more full, & neuer emptier of honorable, and true heroycall actions.

PH. By

PH. By your leaue Memory you are not alone troubled, Chronologers many of them are ſo ſo Phantaſticke, as when they bring a Captaine to the Combate, lifting vp his reuengefull arme to diſpart the head of his enemie, they'le hold vp his armes ſo long till they haue beſtowed three or foure pages in deſcribing the gold hilts of his threating Fauchion. So that in my Fancie the reader may well wonder his aduerſary ſtabs him not, before he ſtrikes, moreouer they are become moſt palpable flatterers alwaies begging at my gates for Inuention.

COM. This is a great fault in a Chronologer to turne Paraſite: An abſolute hiſtory ſhould bee in feare of none, neither ſhould hee write any thing more then truth for friend-ſhip, or leſſe for hate, but keepe himſelfe equall and conſtant in all his diſcourſes, but for vs we muſt bee contented, for as our honors increaſe, ſo muſt the burthen of the cares of our offices v.ge vs to waxe heauy.

PH. But not till our backes breake, ſ'lud there was neuer any ſo haunted as I am, this daie there comes a Sophiſter to my houſe, knocks at my dore, his errand being aſk'd, forſoth his anſwere was to borrow a faire ſute of conceites out of my wardrop, to apparraile a ſhewe he had in hand, and what thinke you is the plot?

COM. Nay I know not, for I am little acquainted with ſuch toies.

PH. Meane-while he's ſomewhat acquainted with you, for he's bould to bring your perſon vpon the ſtage.

COM. What me? I cannot remember, that I was euer brought vpon the ſtage before.

PH. Yes you and you, and my ſelfe with all my Phantiſticall tricks and humors, but I trow I haue fitted him with Fooleries I truſt heele neuer troble me againe.

COM. O times, O manners, when Boies dare to traduce men in authority was euer ſuch an attempt heard?

MEM. I remember there was. For (to ſay the truth) at my laſt being at *Athens* (It is now, let me ſee, about 1800. yeares a goe) I was at a Commedie of *Ariſtophanes* making, (I ſhall neuer forget it) The Arch-gouernor of *Athens* tooke me by the hād

and

and placed me, and there I say, I saw *Socrates* abused most grossly, himselfe being then a present spectator: I remember he sate full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

COM. In those dayes it was lawfull, but now the abuse of such liberty is vnsufferable.

PH. Thinke what you will of it, I thinke 'tis done, and I thinke it is acting by this time; harke harke, what drummings yonder, Ile laye my life they are come to present the shewe I spake off.

COM. It may be so; stay weele see what 'tis.

ACT. 2. SCENA. 5.

LINGVA. MENDACIO. COM. SEN. *and the rest.*

LING. Faine thy selfe in great hast.

MEN. I warrant you Madam: I doubt 'tis in vaine to runne, by this they are all past ouer-taking.

COM. SEN. Is not this *Lingua* that is in such hast?

PH. Yes, yes stand still.

MEN. I must speake with him.

COM. SEN. With whom?

MEN. Assure your selfe they are all at Court ere this.

LING. Runne after them, for vnlesse he know it—

COM. SEN. *Lingua.*

LING. O ist your Lordship: I beseech you pardon me, hast, and feare, I protest put out mine eyes: I lookt so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

PHA. In my conceit, that's like the man that inquired, who saw his Asse, when himselfe ridde on him.

LING. O my heart beates so, fie, fie, fie, fie,

MEN. I am so weary, so, so, so, so,

COM. SEN. I prethee *Lingua* make an end,

LING. Let mee begin first I beseech you, but if you will needs haue the end first, thus 'tis. The common-wealth of *Microsme* at this instant, suffers the pangs of death, 'tis gasping for breath. Will you haue all? 'tis poisned.

PH. What Pothecary durſt be ſo bold as make ſuch a confection: ha what poiſon iſt?

LING. A golden Crowne.

MEM. I miſtake, or els *Galen* in his booke *De ſanitate tuenda*, commends gold as reſtoratiue.

COM. SEN. *Lingua* expreſſe your ſelfe.

MEN. Madam if you want breath, let me helpe you out.

LING. I prethee do, do.

MEN. My Lord, the report is, that *Mercurie* comming late into this country, in this very place, left a Coronet with this inſcription, that the beſt of the fiue ſhould haue it, which the Senſes thinking to belong vnto them ——

LING. Challenge each other, and are now in armes, and 'tlike your Lordſhip.

COM. SEN. I proteſt it likes not me.

LING. Their battailes are not farre hence ready rang'd.

COM. SEN. O monſtrous preſumption? what ſhall we do?

MEM. My Lord, in your great Grand-fathers time, there was I remember ſuch a breach amongſt them, therefore my Counſell is, that after his example by the ſtrength of your authoritie you conuent them before you.

COM. *Lingua* go preſently, command the Senſes vpon their alleageance to our dread Soueraigne Queene *Pſyche*, to diſmiſſe their companies, and perſonally to appeare before me without any pretence of excuſe.

LING. I go my Lord.

PH. But here you Madam, I pray you let your Pages tongue walke with vs a little, till you returne againe.

LING. With all my heart. *Exit Lingua.*

ACT. 2. SCENE. 6.

PH. Hot youths I proteſt, ſaw you thoſe warlike preparations?

MEN. Lately my Lords, I ſpide into the Armie,
But oh, 'tis farre beyond my reach of wit,
Or ſtrength of vtterance to deſcribe their forces.

COM. SEN. Go to, ſpeake what thou canſt.

MEND. Vpon the right hand of a ſpatious Hill,
Proud *Viſus* marſhalleth a puiſſant army,

Three

Three thouſand Egles ſtrong, whoſe valiant Captaine,
Is *Ioues* ſwift Thunder-bearer, that ſame Bird,
That hoiſt vp *Ganimede* from the *Troyan* plaines:
The vant-gard ſtrengthned with a wondrous flight.
Of Falcons, Haggards, Hobbies, Terſelets,
Lanards and Goſhaukes, Sparhaukes, and Rauenous Birds.
The rereward graunted to *Auditus* charge.
Is ſtoutly follow'd with an impetuous heard
Of ſtif-neckt Buls, and many horne-mad ſtagges,
Of the beſt head the Forreſt can afford.

PH. I promiſe you a fearfull troupe of Souldiers.

MEN. Right oppoſite ſtands, *Tactus* ſtrongly mand,
With three thouſand briſled Vrchens for his Pikemen;
Foure hundreth Torteſſes for Elephants.
Beſides a monſtrous troupe of vglie ſpiders,
Within an ambuſhment he hath commanded,
Of their owne gutts to ſpinne a cordage fine,
Whereof t'haue fram'd a net (O wondrous worke)
That faſtned by the Concaue of the Moone,
Spreds downe it ſelfe toth'earths circumference. (any time.

MEM. Tis very ſtrange, I can not remember the like Engine at

MEN. Nay more my Lord, the maskes are made ſo ſtrong,
That I my ſelfe vpon them ſcal'd the heauens,
And bouldly walkt about the middle region,
Where in the prouince of the Meteors,
I ſaw the clowdie ſhops of Haile and Raine,
Garners of Snow, and Chriſtals full of dew,
Riuers of burning Arrowes, Dens of Dragons,
Huge beames of flames, and Speares like fire-brands,
Where I beheld hotte *Mars* and *Mercurie*,
With Rackets made of Spheares, and Balls of Starres,
Playing at Tennis for a Tunne of Nectar.
And that vaſt gaping of the Firmament,
Vnder the Southerne pole is nothing elſe,
But the great hazzard of their Tennis Court,
The Zodiack is the line. The ſhooting Starres,
Which in an eye-bright euening ſeem'd to fall,
Are nothing but the Balls they looſe at Bandy,

Thus hauing tooke my pleasure with those sights,
By the same net I went vp, I discended. (geme?)

COM. SEN. Well Sirra to what purpose tends this Strata-

MEND. None know directly, but I thinke it is,
T' intrappe the Eagles, when the Battailes ioyne.

PH. Who takes *Tactus* his parte?

MEND. Vnder the standard of thrice hardy *Tactus*,
Thrice valiant *Gustus*, leades his warlike forces,
An-endles multitude of desperate Apes,
Fiue hundred Marmosetts and long-taild Monkees:
All trained to the field, and nimble Gunners.

PH Immagine theres old mouing amongst them: me thinks a handfull of nuttes would turne them all out of their Souldiers coates.

MEN. Ramparts of Pastie-crust and fortes of pies,
Entrench'd with dishes full of Custard stuffe:
Hath *Gustus* made; and planted ordinance,
Strange ordinance: Cannons of hollowe canes:
Whose pouder's Rape-seed, charged with Turnip shot.

MEM. I Remember in the Country of Vtopia, they vse no other kind of Artillery.

COM. SEN. But whats become of *Olfactus*?

MEND. He politickly leanes to neither part,
But stands betwixt the camps as at receite:
Hauing great wine his Pioners to entrench them.

PH. In my foolish immagination *Olfactus* is very like the Goddesse of victory that neuer takes any part but the Conquerers.

MEND. And in the woods he placed secretly,
Two hundred couple of hounds and hungry Mastiffs:
And ore his head houer at his commaunde,
A cloud of Vultures, which or'e spred the light,
Making a night before the day be done:
But to what end not knowne but feard of all.

PH. I coniecture hee intends to see them fight and after the battaile to feede his Dogges, Hoggs and Vultures vpon the murdred carcases.

MEN. My *L.* I thinke the furie of their Anger will not bee obedient to the Message of *Lingua*, for otherwise in my conceite they

they ſhould haue beene here er this : with your *L.* good liking wee'le attend vpon you to ſee the feild for more certainty. It ſhalbe ſo; Come Maiſter *Regiſter* lets walke. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis. Act. *ſecundi.*

Act. 3. Scena. 1.

ANAMNESTES. *With a purſe in his hand.*

ANA. Forſooth *Obliuio* ſhut the dore vpon me I could come no ſooner, ha? is he not here? O excellent. Would I were hangd but I lookt for a ſound rappe on the pate and that made me before hand to lift vp this excuſe for a Buckler, I know hee's not at court, for here is his purſe without which warrant theres no coming thither, wherefore now *Anamneſtes* ſport thy ſelfe a little, while thou art out of the priſon of his company. What ſhall I do? by my troth anatomize his purſe in his abſence. *Plutus* ſend there be Iewells in it, that I may finely geld it of the ſtones —— The beſt ſure lies in the bottome— poxt ont heres nothing but a company of worme eaten papers; whats this? *Memorandum* that Maiſter *Prodigo* owes mee foure thouſand pounds and that his lands are in pawne for it: *Memorandum* that I owe; that hee owes? tis well the olde ſlaue hath ſome care of his credit, to whom owes he ttow I? that I owe *Anamneſtes*? What me? I neuer lent him any thinke; ha this is good, thers ſom-thing comming to me, more then I look'd for. Come on, what iſt, *Memorandum* that I owe *Anamneſtes*—— a breeching; I faith Sir I will eaſe you of that paiment (*He rendes the bill*) *Memorandum* that when I was a childe *Robuſto* tript vp my heeles at foot-bale: what a Reuengfull dizard's this?

ACT. 3. SCEN. 2.

MENDACIO. *With Cuſhions vnder his armes, tripps vp* Anamneſtes *heeles.*

MENDACIO. ANAMNESTES.

ANA. How now?

MEND. No-thing but lay you vpon the Cuſhion Sir, how ſo?

ANA. Nothing but lay the Cuſhion vpon you Sir?

MEND. What my little *Nam?* by this foote I am ſory I miſtooke thee.

AN. What my little *Men?* by this hand it grieues me I tooke thee ſo right. But Sirra whither with theſe Cuſhions?

MEN. To lay them here that the Iudges may ſit ſoftly leaſt my Ladie *Lingua's* cauſe go hard with her.

AN. They ſhould haue beene wrought with gold; theſe will do nothing; But what makes thy Ladie with the Iudges?

MEN. Piſh, know'ſt not? ſhee ſueth for the title of a Senſe, as well as the reſt that beare the name of the *Pentarchy*.

AN. Will Common ſenſe and my Maiſter, leaue their affaires to determine that Controuerſie?

MEN. Then thou hearſt nothing.

AN. What ſhould I heare!

MEN. All the ſenſes fell out about a Crowne falne frō heauen and pitcht a feild for it, but *Vicegerent* Common ſenſe hearing of it tooke vpon him, to vmpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them (their armes diſmiſſed) to appeare before him, charging euery on to bring as it were in a ſhew, their proper obiects, that by them he may determine of their ſeuerall (excellencies.

AN. When is all this?

MEN. As ſoone as they can poſſibly prouide.

AN. But can he tell which diſerues beſt by their obiects?

MEN. No not only; for euery ſenſe muſt diſcribe his Inſtrumēt, that is his houſe, where he performes his daylie duty, ſo that by the Obiect and the Inſtrument, my Lord can with great eaſe diſcerne their place and dignities.

AN. His Lord-ſhips very wiſe.

MEN. Thou ſhalt heare all anon, fine maiſter *Phantaſtes*, and thy maſter wil be here ſhortly. But how iſt my little Rogue? me thinkes thou look'ſt leane vpon't?

AN. Alas how ſhould I do otherwiſe that lie all night with ſuch a Rawbond *Skelton* as *Memory* and runne all day on his Errands. The Churle's growne ſo old and forgetfull, that euery houre he's calling *Anamneſtes*, remembrance, where art *Anamneſtes*? Then preſently ſome thing's loſt, poore I muſt run for it,

and

and theſe words, runne Boy. Come Sirra quick, quick, quick, are as familiar with him as the Cough, neuer out ons mouth.

MEN. Alack, alack poore Rogue, I ſee my fortunes are better. My Ladie loues me exceedingly; ſhe's alwaies kiſſing mee, ſo that (I tell thee *Nam*) *Mendacios* neuer from betwixt her lippes.

AN. Nor out of *Memories* mouth; but in a worſe ſort, alwaies excerciſing my ſtumps and which is more, when hee fauoures beſt then I am in the worſt taking.

MEN. How ſo.

AN. Thus when wee are friends, then muſt I come and bee dandled vpon his palſie-quaking knees, and he'le tell me a long ſtory of his acquaintance with King *Priamus* and his familiarity with *Neſter* and how he plaid at blowe-point with *Iupiter* when he was in his ſide-coates and how he went to looke Birds-neſts with *Athous*, and where hee was at *Deucalions* floud & 20. ſuch old wiues tales.

MEN. I wonder he being ſo old can talke ſo much.

AN. Nature, thou know'ſt, (knowing what an vnruly Engine the tongue is), hath ſet teeth round about for watchmen, Now Sir, my Maiſter's old age hath cought out all his teeth & that's the cauſe it runs ſo much at liberty MEN. Philoſopicall;

AN. O but ther's one-thing ſtings me to the very heart, to ſee an vglie-foule idle, fat, duſty clog-head, called *Obliuio* preferred before, me doſt know him?

MEN. Who I, I; But care not for his acquaintãce, hang himblock-head I could neuer abide him? Thou Remembrance art the only friend that the armes of my friendſhip ſhall embrace. Thou haſt heard *Oportet mendacem eſſe memorem*. But what of *Obliuio*.

AN. The very naming of him hath made me forget my ſelfe. O, O, O, O, that Raſcall is ſo made-of euery where.

MEN. Who *Obliuio*?

AN. I, for our Courtiers hug him cõtinually in their vngrate-ful boſomes, & your ſmoth-belly fat backt, barrel-paunch't, tũ-gutted drones are euer without him, as for *Memory* he's a falſe hearted fellow, he alwaies deceiues thẽ, they reſpect not him, except it be to play a game at *Cheſts*, *Primero*, *Saunt*, *Maw*, or ſuch like.

MEN. I cannot thinke ſuch fellowes haue to do with *Obliuio* ſince they neuer got any thing to forget.

AN. Againe, theſe prodigall ſwagerers that are ſo much boũd to

their

their Creditors, if they haue but one Croſſe about them, they'le ſpend it in Wine vpon *Oblinio*.

MEN. To what purpoſe I prethee? (cares.

AN. Onely in hope heele waſh them in the Lethe of their

MEN. Why then no man cares for thee.

ANA. Yes a company of ſtudious Paper-wormes and leane Schollers, and niggardly ſcraping Vſurers, & a troupe of heart-eating enuious perſons, and thoſe cancker-ſtomackt ſpitefull creatures, that furniſh vp common place-bookes with other mens faults; The time hath beene in thoſe golden dayes, when *Saturne* reigned, that if a man receiu'd a benefit of another, I was preſently ſent for to put him in minde of it, but now in theſe Iron after-noones, ſaue your friends life, and *Oblinio* will be more familiar with him then you.

ACTVS. 3. SCENA. 3.

HEVRESIS. MEND. ANAMNESTES.

HEVR. *Phantaſtes* not at Court? iſt poſſible 'tis the ſtrangeſt accident that euer was heard off, I had thought the Ladies and Gallants would neuer lye without him.

AN. Hiſt, hiſt, *Mendacio* I prethee obſerue *Heuresis*, it ſeemes he cannot finde his Maiſter, that's able to finde out all things: and art thou now at a fault, canſt not finde out thine owne maiſter? nor? Ile trie one more way. O yes.

MEN. What a Proclamation for him?

ANA. I, I, his nimble head is alwayes full of proclamations.

HEV. O yes.

MEN. But doth he crie him in the wood?

ANAM. O good ſir, and good reaſon, for euery beaſt hath Phantaſie at his pleaſure.

HEV. O yes if any man can tell any tidings, of a ſpruce, neate, apiſh, nimble, fine, fooliſh, abſurd, humerous, conceited, Phantaſtique Gallant, with hollow eyes, ſharpe looke, ſwart complexion, meager face, wearing as many toyes in his apparrell, as fooleries in his lookes and geſture, let him come forth & certifie me thereof, and he ſhall haue for his reward—

ANAM.

ANAM. I can tell you where he is, what ſhall he haue?

HEVR. A box o'the eare ſirra, (*ſnappe*)

ANAM. How now Inuention, are you ſo quick fingred? i-faith, ther's your principall ſirra, (*ſnappe*) and here's the intereſt ready in my hand (*ſnappe*) [*They fall together by the eares.*] Yea? haue you found out ſcratching? now I remember me.

HEVR. Do you bite you Raſcall?

MERD. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the liuely picture of this axiome, *A quick Inuention and a good Memory can neuer agree.* Fie fie, fie *Heureſis*, beate him when hee's downe?

ANAM. Prethee lets alone proud Iack-an-Apes, Ile——

HEVR. What will you do?

ANAM. Vntruſſe thy points, and whip thee, thou paltry—— Let me go *Mendacio* if thou lou'ſt me, ſhall I put vp the——

MEN. Come, come, come you ſhall fight no more in good faith: *Heureſis*, your Maiſter will catch you anon.

HEVR. My Maiſter, where is he?

MEN. Ile bring you to him, come away.

HEVR. *Anamneſtes*, I ſcorne that thou ſhouldſt thinke I go away for feare of any thing thou canſt do vnto me; here's my hand aſſoone as thou canſt pick the leaſt occaſion, put vp thy finger I am for thee. *Exit Mendacio* and *Heureſis.*

AN. When thou dar'ſt *Heureſis*, when thou dar'ſt, Ile be as ready as thy ſelfe at any time.

This *Heureſis*, this Inuention, is the proudeſt Iack-a-napes, the pearteſt ſelfe conceited Boy that euer breath'd, becauſe forſooth ſome odde Poet, or ſome ſuch Phantaſtique fellowes, make much on him, there's no ho with him, the vile dandi-pratte will ore-looke the proudeſt of his acquaintance: but well I remember me, I learnt a trick t'other day, to bring a Boy ore the thigh finely, if he come, ifaith Ile tickle him with it.

Mendacio comes running back in great haſt.

MEN. As I am a Raſcall Nam, they are all comming, I ſee Maiſter Regiſter trudging hether, as faſt as his three feete will carry vp his foure Ages.

Exit Mendacio.

ACTVS. 3. SCENA. 4.

MEMORIA. ANAMNESTES.

MEM. Ah you leaden heeld Rascall.

ANA. Here 'tis Sir, I haue it, I haue it,

MEM. Is this all the hast you make.

AN. An't like your worship your Clog-head *Oblivio* went before me, and foil'd the traile of your foote-steps, that I could hardly vndertake the quest of your purse forsooth.

MEM. You might haue beene here long ere this: Come hither sirra, come hither, what must you go round about, goodly, goodly, you are so full of circumstances.

AN. In truth Sir, I was here before, and missing you, went back into the Citty, sought you in euery Ale-house, Inne, Tauerne, Dicing-house, Tennis-court, Stewes, and such like places, likely to find your worship in.

MEM. Ha villaine, am I a man likely to be found in such places, ha?

ANA. No, no sir, sir but I was told by my Lady *Lingua's* page that your Worship was seeking me, therefore I inquired for you in those places where I knew you would aske for me, and it please your worship.

MEM. I remember an other quarrell sirra, but well, well, I haue no leisure.

ACT. 3. SCENA. 5.

COM. SENS. LINGVA. PHANTASTES. MEMORY. ANAMNESTES.

COM. S. *Lingua*, the Senses by our appointment anon are to present their obiects before vs; seeing therefore they be not in readinesse, we license you in the meane while, either in your owne person, or by your Aduocate, to speake what you can for your selfe.

LIN. My Lord if I should bring before your honour all my friends,

friends ready to importune you in my behalfe, I should haue so many Retoricians, Logitians, Lawyers and which is more, so many Women to attend mee, that this Groaue would hardly conteine the Company, wherefore to auoide the tediousnesse I will lay the whole cause vppon the tippe of mine owne tongue.

COM: SEN. Be as briefe as the necessity of our short time requires.

LING. My Lord, though the *Imbecillitas* of my feeble sexe, might drawe mee backe, from this Tribunall, with the *habenis* to wit *Timoris* and the *Catenis Pudoris*, notwithstanding beeing so fairely led on with the gratious ἐπιείκεια of your *iustissimæ* δικαιοσύνης *Especially so aspremente spurd' con gli sproni di necessita mia pungente*, I will without the helpe of Orators, commit the *totam salutem* of my action to the *Volutabilitati* τῶν γυναικείων λόγων, *which (auec vostre bonne playseur)* I will finish with more then *Laconicâ breuitate.*

CO. SE. Whats this? here's a Gallemaufry of speech indeed.

MEM. I remember about the yeare 1602. many vsed this skew kind of language. Which in my opinion is not much vnlike the man *Platony* the Sonne of *Lagus*, King of *Ægypt*, brought for a spectacle halfe white halfe blacke.

COM. SEN. I am perswaded these same language makers haue the very quality of colde in their wit, that freezeth all *Heterogeneall* languages together, congealing English Tynne, Græcian Gold, Romaine Latine all in a lumpe.

PHA. Or rather in my imagination like your Fantasticall Gulls Apparell, wearing a Spanish Felt, a French Doblet, a Granado Stocking, a Dutch Slop, an Italian Cloake, with a Welch frise Ierkin.

COM. SEN. Well, leaue your toying, we cannot pluck the least fether from the soft wing of time. Therfore *Lingua* go on but in a more formall manner, you know an ingenions Oratiō must neyther swell aboue the Bankes with insolent words, nor creepe too shallow in the ford, with vulger termes, but run equally, smooth, & cheerefull, through the cleane current of a pure stile.

Lin. My Lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirme my

worth to be equall or better then the ſenſes, whoſe beſt operations are nothing till I poliſh them with perfection; for their knowledge is only of things preſent, quickly ſublimed with the deft file of time, whereas the tongue is able to recount thinges paſt, and often pronounce things to come, by this meanes re-edifying ſuch Excellencies, as Time and Age doe eaſily depopulate.

COM. SEN. But what profitable ſeruice, do you vndertake for our dread *Qveene Pſyche*?

LING. O how I am rauiſht to thinke how infinitely ſhe hath graced mee with her moſt acceptable ſeruice. But aboue all (which you Maiſter Regiſter may well remember) when her highneſſe taking my mouth for her inſtrument, with the Bowe of my tongue ſtrooke ſo heauenly a touch vpon my teeth, that ſhee charmed the very Tigers a ſleepe, the lyſtning Beares and Lions, to couch at her feete, while the Hills leaped, and the woodes daunced, to the ſweete harmony of her moſt Angelicall accents.

MEM. I remember it very well. *Orpheus* plaied vpon the Harpe, while ſhe ſange about ſome foure yeares after the Contention betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, and a little before the excoriation of *Marſyas*.

AN. By the ſame token the Riuer *Alpheus*, at that time purſuing his beloued *Arethuſa*, diſchanel'd himſelfe of his former courſe to bee partaker of their admirable conſort, and the muſicke beeing ended, thruſt himſelfe head-long into earth, the next way to followe his amarous Chaſe; if you goe to *Arcadia* you ſhall ſee his comming vp againe.

COM. SEN. Forward *Lingua* with your reaſon.

LING. How oft hath her Excellencie imployed mee as Imbaſſador in her moſt vrgent affaires to forreigne Kings and Emperours I may ſay to the Godds themſelues. Howe many bloudleſſe Battailes haue my perſwaſions attained, when the ſenſes forces haue beene vanquiſhed. Howe many Rebells haue I reclaymed when her ſacred authority, was little regarded (her Lawes without exprobation be it ſpoken) had beene altogither vnpubliſhed, her will vnperformed, her illuſtrious deedes vnrenoumed had not the ſiluer ſound of my trumpet

filled

filled the whole circuit of the Vniuerſe with her deſerued fame. Her Cities would diſſolue, traffique would decay, friendſhippes be broken, were not my ſpeech the knot. *Mercury*, and *Maſtique*, to binde, defende, and glewe them togither. What ſhould I ſay more; I can neuer ſpeake inough of the vnſpeakeable praiſe of ſpeech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the moſt exquiſite power & excellency of ſpeech cannot ſufficiently expreſſe the exquiſite power, and excellency of ſpeaking.

COM. SEN. *Lingua* your ſeruice and dignitie we confeſſe to be great, nertheles theſe reaſons prooue you not to haue the nature of a ſenſe.

LING. By your L. ſhips fauor I can ſoone prooue that a ſenſe is a facultie, by which our Queene ſitting in her priuy Chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrents. That I am of this nature, I proue thus. *The obiect which I challenge is* ——

Enter Appetitus in haſt.

APP. Stay, ſtay my Lo. defer I beſeech, defer the Iudgement.

COM. SEN. Who's this that boldly interrupts vs this, hum.

APP. My name is *Appetitus*, Common ſeruant to the Pentarchy of the ſenſes, who vnderſtanding that your Honour was handling this Action of *Linguaes* ſent mee hether thus haſtely, moſt humbly requeſting the Bench to conſider theſe Articles they alleage againſt her before you proceede to iudgement.

COM. SEN. Hum, here's good ſtuffe, Maiſter Regiſter reade thē *Appetitus* you may depart and bid your Miſtriſſe make conuenient ſpeede

APP. At your Lordſhips pleaſure. *Exit Appetitus.*

MEM. I Remember that I forgot my ſpectacles, I left them in the 349. page of *Halls* Chronicles, where hee tells a great wonder of a multitude of Miſe which had almoſt deſtroyed the Country, but that there reſorted a great mightie flight of Owles, that diſtroyed them, *Inamneſtes* reade theſe Articles diſtinctly.

1. AR. IN Inprimis wee accuſe *Lingua* of high treaſon, and ſacriledge, againſt the moſt honorable Common-wealth of letters, for vnder pretence of profiting the people with tranſlations, ſhee hath moſt vilye proſtituted the hard miſteries

of vnknowne Languages to the prophane eares of the vulgar.

PHAN. This is as much as to make a new hell in the vpper world, for in Hell they say *Alexander* is no better then a Cobler, and nowe by these translations euery Cobler is as familiar with *Alexander* as he that wrote his life.

2 art. ANAM. Item that, she hath wrongfully imprisoned a Ladie called *Veritas*.

3. art. Item that she's a witch and exerciseth her tongue in exorcismes.

4. art. Item that she's a common whote and lets euery one lie with her.

5. art. Item that shee railes on men in Authority deprauing their Honours, with bitter Iests and tauntes and that she's a Backbyter setting strife betwixt Bosome friends.

6 art. Item that shee lends wiues weapons to fight against their husbands.

7. art. Item that shee maintaines a traine of prating petty foggers, prouling Sumners, smooth tongu'd bawdes, artlesse Empericks, hungry Parasites, Newes-carriers, Ianglers, and such like idle Companions, that delude the Commanalty.

8. art. Item that she made Rhetorique wanton, Logicke to bable, Astronomy to lie.

9. art. Item that she is an incontinent Tel-tale.

10. art. Item (which is the last and worst) that shee's a Woman in euery respect and for these causes not to bee admitted to the dignitie of a Sense. That these Articles bee true wee pawne our honors, and subcribe our names.

1. *Visus.* 4. *Olfactus.*
3. *Gustus.*
2. *Auditus.* 5. *Tactus.*

COM. SEN. *Lingua* these bee shrewde allegations, and as I thinke vn-answerable, I will deferre the iudgement of your cause till I haue finished the contention of the Senses.

LING Your Lordships must be obeyed, but as for them most vngratefull, and perfidious wretches,

COM.

COM.S. Good words become you better, you may depart if you will, till we ſend for you. *Anamneſtes* runne, remember *Viſus*, tis time he were ready.

ANAM. I go. (*Exit* ANAM: *et redit*) he ſtayes here expecting your Lordſhips pleaſure.

ACTVS. 3. SCENA. 6.

A Page carying a Scutchion argent charged with an Eagle diſplayed proper, then Viſus *with a Fanne of Peacocks feathers, next* Lumen *with a Crowne of Bayes, and a Shield with a bright Sunne in it, apparrelled in Tiſſue, then a Page bearing a Shield before* Cœ'um, *clad in* Azure *Taffata, dimpled with Starres, a Crowne of Starres on his head, and a Scarfe reſembling the Zodiack ouerthwart the Shoulders, next a page clad in greene with a terreſtriall Globe before* Terra, *in a greene Velvet gowne ſtucke with branches, and flowers, a Crowne of Turrets vpon her head, in her hand a Key, then a Herauld leading in his hand* Colour *clad in changeable ſilke, with a Rainbowe out of a Clond on her head, laſt a Boy,* Viſus *Marſhalleth his ſhew about the Stage, and preſents it before the Bench.*

VISVS. LVMEN. COELVM. PHANTAS. COM. SENS. MEMORIE.

VIS. Loe here the obiect that delights the ſight,
The goodlieſt obiects that mans heart can wiſh,
For all things that the Orbe firſt moueable,
Wrappes in the circuite of his large-ſtretcht armes,
Are ſubiect to the power of *Viſus* eyes,
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note *Lumens* words that ſpeakes next following.

LVMEN. *Light* the faire Grand-child to the glorious Sunne,
Opening the caſements of the Roſie morne,
Makes the abaſhed heauens ſoone to ſhun,
The vgly darkneſſe it embrac'd beforne,
And at his firſt appearance puts to flight,
The vtmoſt reliques of the Hell-borne night.

This

This heau'nly ſheild ſoone as it is diſplaide,
Diſmayes the vices that abhorre the light,
To wanderers by Sea and Land giues aide,
Conquers diſplay, recomforteth affright,
Rowſeth dull Idleneſſe, and ſtarts ſoft ſleepe.
And all the world to daily labour keepes,
This a true looking glaſſe impartiall,
Where Beauties ſelfe, her ſelfe doth beautifie,
With natiue hue, not artificiall,
Diſcouering falſehood, opening veritie,
The dayes bright eye colours diſtinction,
Iuſt iudge of meaſure and proportion.
The onely meanes by which each mortall eye,
Sends meſſengers to the wide firmament,
That to the longing ſoule brings preſently
High contemplation and deepe wonderment.
By which aſpirement ſhe her wings diſplaies,
And her ſelfe thither whence ſhe came vpraiſd.

PH. What blew thing's that, that's dappled ſo with Starres.

VIS. He repreſents the heau'n.

PH. In my conceit it were pritty, if hee thundred when hee ſpeakes.

VIS. Then none could vnderſtand him.

COEL. Tropick coloures the Equinoctiall,
The Zodiack poles, and line Eclipticall,
The Nadaz, Zenith, and Anomalies,
The Azimeth and Ephimerides,
Starres, Orbes, and Plannets, with their motions,
The Orientall Regradations,
Excentricks, Epicycles, and—and—and—

PH. How now *Viſus* is your heauen at a ſtay?
Or is it his *Motus trepidationis* that makes him ſtammer:
I pray you *Memory* ſet him agate againe.

MEM. I remember when *Iupiter* made *Amphitrio* Cuckold, and lay with his wife *Alcmena*, *Cœlum* was in this taking for three dayes ſpace, and ſtood ſtill iuſt like him at a *non plus*.

COM. SEN. Leaue ieſting, youle put the freſh Actor out of countenance.

COEL. Excentricks, Epicycles, and Aſpects,

In

In Sextile, Trine, and Quadrate which effects
Wonders on earth: alſo the Oblique part
Of ſignes, that make the day both long and ſhort,
The Conſtellations, riſing Coſmicall,
Setting of Starres, Chronicke, and Heliacall,
In the Orizon or Meridionall,
And all the skill in deepe Aſtronomie,
Is to the ſoule deriued by the eye.

PHA. *Viſus* you haue made *Cœlum* a heauenly ſpeech, paſt earthly capacitie, it had beene as good for him hee had thundred. But I pray you who taught him ſpeake and vſe no action, me thinke it had beene excellent to haue turn'd round about in his ſpeech.

Vis. Hee hath ſo many motions hee knowes not which to begin withall.

PH. Nay rather it ſeemes hee's of *Copernicus* opinion, and that makes him ſtand ſtill.

Terra comes to the midſts of the Stage, ſtands ſtil a while, ſaith nothing, and ſteps back.

COM. SE. Lets heare what *Terra* can ſay—iuſt nothing.

VIS. And't like your Lordſhip, t'were an *indecorum Terra* ſhould ſpeake.

MEM. You are deceiued, for I remember when *Phaeton* rul'd the Sunne, I ſhall neuer forget him, he was a very pretty youth, the earth opened her mouth wide, and ſpoake a very good ſpeech to *Iupiter*.

ANAM. By the ſame token *Nylus* hid his head then, he could neuer finde it ſince.

PH. You know *Memory* that was an extreame hotte day, & 'tis likely *Terra* ſweat much, and ſo tooke cold preſently after, that euer ſince ſhe hath loſt her voyce.

HERAVLD. A *Canton Ermines* added to the field, is a ſure ſigne the man that bore theſe Armes, was to his Prince as a defenſiue ſhield, ſauing him from the force of preſent Armes.

PH. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a Herauld, many a Centaure, Chimera, Barnacle, Crocadile, Hippotame, and ſuch like toyes, hath he ſtolne out of the ſhop of my Inuention, to ſhape new coates for his vpſtart Gentlemen. Either *Affrica* muſt

breed more monſters, or you make fewer Gentlemen M. *Herauld*, for you haue ſpent all my deuiſes already, but ſince you are here, let me aſke you a queſtion, in your owne profeſſion, how comes it to paſſe that the victorious Armes of England, quartred with the conquered Coate of France are not placed on the dexter ſide, but giue the flowre deluce the better hand?

HER. Becauſe that the three Lyons are one coate made of two French Duke-domes, Normandy and Aquitaine: but I pray you *Viſus*, what Laye is that, that followes him?

VIS. Tis *Color* an obiect of mine, ſubiect to his cómandment.

PHA. Why ſpeakes he not?

VIS. He is ſo baſhfull, he dares not ſpeake for bluſhing: What thing is that, tell mee without delay.

A BOY. That's nothing of it ſelfe, yet euery way,
As like a Man, as a thing, like may bee,
And yet ſo vnlike, as cleane contrary,
For in one point it euery way doth miſſe,
The right ſide of it a mans left ſide is
Tis lighter then a Feather, and withall
It filles no place, nor roome it is ſo ſmall.

COM. SEN. How now *Viſus*, haue you brought a boy with a riddle to poſe vs all.

PHAN. Poſe vs all? and I here; that were a ieſt indeed: My Lord, if he haue a *Sphinx*, I haue an Oedipus aſſure your ſelfe, lets heare it once againe.

BOY. What thing is that Sir.

PHAN. This ſuch a knotty *Enigma*? why my Lord, I think it's a Woman, for firſt a Woman is nothing of her ſelfe, and againe ſhee is likeſt a man of any thing.

COM. SEN. But wherein is ſhe vnlike?

PHA. In euery thing, in peeuiſnnes, in folly. —— 'ſt Boy.

HEV. In Pride, Deceit, Prating, Lying, Cogging, Coynes, Spite, Hate Sir.

PHA. And in many mo ſuch vices: Now he may well ſay, the left ſide a mans right ſide is, for a croſſe wife, is alwayes contrary to her husband, euer contradicting what hee wiſheth for, like to the verſe in *Martiall*, *Velle tuum*.

MEM. *Velle tuum nolo*. Dindine *nolle volo*.

PHA.

PHA. Lighter then a feather, doth any man, make queſtion of that?

MEM. They neede not, for I remember I ſaw a Cardinall weigh thē once, & the Woman was found 3. graynes lighter.

COM. SEN. Tis ſtrange, for I haue ſeene Gentlewomen weare Feathers oftentimes, can they carrie heauier things then themſelues?

MEM. O ſir, I remember, tis their onely delight to do ſo.

COM. SEN. But how apply you the laſt verſe, it fills no place Sir?

PHA. By my faith, that ſpoyles all the former, for theſe fardingalles take vp all the roome now a dayes, tis not a woman queſtionleſſe, ſhall I be put downe with a Riddle ſirrah, *Heureſis* ſearch the corners of your conceit, and find it me quickly.

HEV. Hay ευρηκα, ευρηκα, I haue it, tis a mans face in a looking Glaſſe.

PHAN. My Lord, tis ſo indeede, Sirrha lets ſee it, for do you ſee my right eye here?

COM SEN. What of your eye?

PH. O Lord, ſir, this kind of frowne is excellent, eſpecially when tis ſweetned with ſuch a pleaſing ſmile.

COM SE. *Phantaſtes.*

PHA. O Sir my left eie is my right in the glaſſe, do you ſee? by theſe lips my garters hang ſo neately, my Gloues & ſhooes become my hands and feete ſo well: *Heureſis* tie my ſhooes ſtrings with a new knot; ——this point was ſcarſe well truſt,—— ſo, tis excellent.——Looking-glaſſes were a paſsing inuentiō, I proteſt the fitteſt bookes for Ladies to ſtudy on ————

MEM. Take heede you fall not in loue with your ſelfe *Phantaſtes*, as I remember: *Anamneſtes* who waſt that died of the looking diſeaſe?

AN. Forſooth *Narciſſus*, by the ſame token he was turn'd to a Daffadill, & as he died for loue of himſelfe, ſo if you remēber there was an old ill-fauoured, preciouſ noſed, babber-lipt, beetle-browed, Bleere-eyd, ſlouch-eard ſlaue that looking himſelfe by chance in a Glaſſe, died for pure hate.

PH. By the lip of my - I could liue and die with this face.

CO. SE. Fie fie *Phantaſtes*, ſo effeminate for ſhame leaue off.

Visus your obiects I muſt needs ſay are admirable if the houſe & inſtrument bee anſwerable, letts here therefore in breife your deſcription ———

VIS. Vnder the fore-head of mount *Cephalon*,
That ouer-peeres the coaſt of *Microcoſme*,
All in the ſhaddowe of two pleaſant groues,
Stand my two manſion houſes, both as round
As the cleare heauens, both twins as like each other;
As ſtarre to ſtarre, which by the vulger ſort,
For their reſplendent compoſition,
Are named the bright eyes of mount *Cephalon:*
With foure faire roomes thoſe lodgings are contriued.
Foure goodly roomes in forme moſt ſpherical,
Cloſing each other like the heauenly orbes:
The firſt whereof, of Natures ſubſtance wrought,
As a ſtrange moate the other to defende,
Is trained moueable by Art diuine:
Stirring the whole compacture of the reſt,
The ſecond chamber is moſt curiouſly
Compoſed of burniſht, and tranſparent horne.

PHAN. That's a matter of nothing, I haue knowne many haue ſuch bed-chambers.

MEM. It may be ſo, for I remember being once in the townes Library, I read ſuch a thing, in their greate booke of monuments called, Cornucopia, or rather their copia-Cornu.

VIS. The third's a leſſer roome of pureſt glaſſe,
The fourth's ſmalleſt, but paſſeth all the former,
In worth of matter built moſt ſumptuouſly:
With walls tranſparent of pure Chriſtaline.
This the ſoules mirrour and the bodies guide,
Loues Cabinet bright beacons of the Realme,
Caſements of light quiuer of Cupids ſhafts:
Wherein I ſit and immediatly receiue,
The *ſpecies* of things corporeall,
Keeping continuall watch and centinell:
Leaſt forraine hurt inuade our *Microcoſme*,
And warning giue, (if pleaſant things approch)
To entertaine them, from this coaſtly roome:

Leadeth

Leadeth my Lord an entrie to your houſe,
Through which I hourely to your ſelfe conuay
Matters of wiſdome by experience bred:
Arts firſt inuention, pleaſant viſion,
Deepe contemplation, that attires the ſoule,
In gorgeous roabes of flowering literature:
Then if that *Viſus* haue deſerued beſt,
Let his victorious browe, with Crowne be bleſt.

COM. SEN. *Anamneſtes*, ſee who's to come next.

ANA. Preſently my Lord.

PHAN. *Viſus*, I wonder that amongſt all your obiects, you preſented vs not with *Platoes Idea*, or the ſight of *Niniuie, Babilon, London*, or ſome Sturbridge faire-monſters, they would haue done paſſing well, thoſe motions in my immagination are very delightfull.

VIS. I was loath to trouble your honours with ſuch toies, neither could I prouide them in ſo ſhort a time.

COM. SEN. We will conſider your worth, meane while wee diſmiſſe you.

Viſus leades his ſhowe about the ſtage, and ſo goeth out with it.

ACT. 3. SCEN. *vltima.*

AVDITVS. &c.

AVD. Hearke, hearke, hearke, hearke, peace, peace, O peace: O ſweete, admirable, Swanlike heauenly, hearke, O moſt melliſluous ſtraine, O what a pleaſant cloaſe was there, O full, moſt delicate.

COM. SEN. How now *Phantaſtes*, is *Auditus* mad?

PHAN. Let him alone, his muſicall head is alwaies full of od crotchets.

AVD. Did you marke the dainty dryuing of the laſt pointe, an excellent maintayning of the ſonge, by the choiſe timpan of mine eare, I neuer heard a better, hiſt, ſt, ſt, hearke, why theres a cadence able to rauiſh the dulleſt Stoicke.

COM.SEN. I know not, what to thinke on him.

AVD. There how ſweetly the plane-ſong was diſſolued into deſcant, and how eaſily they came of with the laſt reſt, hearke, hearke, the bitter ſweeteſt Achromaticke.

COM.SEN. *Auditus.*

AVD. Thankes good *Apollo* for this timely grace, neuer could'ſt thou in fitter: O more then moſt muſicall harmony, O moſt admirable conſort, haue you no eares? doe you not heare this muſicke?

PHAN. It may bee good, but in my opinion, they reſt too long in the beginning.

AVD. Are you then deafe? do you not yet perceiue the wondrous ſound the heauenly orbes do make with their continuall motion, hearke, hearke, O hony ſweete.

COM.SEN. What tune do they play?

AVD. Why ſuch a tune as neuer was, nor euer ſhall be heard, marke now, now marke, now, now. PHAN. Liſt, liſt liſt,

AVD. Hearke O, ſweete, ſweete ſweete.

PHAN. Liſt how my heart enuies my happy eares, hiſht, by the gold ſtrung harpe of *Apollo*, I heare the celeſtiall muſicke of the ſpheares, as plainely as euer *Pithagoras* did, O moſt excellent diapaſon good, good, good. It plaies fortune my foe, as diſtinctly as may be.

COM.SEN. As the foole thinketh, ſo the bell clinketh, I proteſt I heare no more then a poſt.

PHAN. What, the Lanalta hay? nay if the heauens fiddle, *Phanſy* muſt needes dance.

COM.SEN. Prethe ſit ſtil, thou muſt dance nothing but the paſſing meaſures. *Memory* do you heare this harmony of the ſpheares?

MEM. Not now my Lord, but I remember about ſome 4000. yeares ago, whē the Skie was firſt made, we heard very perfectly.

ANA. By the ſame token the firſt tune the planets plaied, I remēber *Venus* the treble ran ſweet diuiſion vpō *Saturne* the baſe. The firſt tune they plaied was *Sellengers* roūd, in memory whereof euer ſince, it hath beene called the beginning of the world.

COM.SEN. How comes it we cannot heare it now.

MEM. Our eares are ſo well acquainted with the ſounde, that we neuer marke it. As I remember the *Egiptian* Catadupes

neuer

neuer heard the roringe of the fall of *Nilus*, becauſe the noiſe is ſo familiar vnto them.

COM. SEN. Haue you no other obiects to iudge by, then theſe

AVD. This is the rareſt and moſt exquiſite, (*Auditus?*
Moſt ſpherical, diuine, angelicall,
But ſince your duller eares cannot perceiue it:
May it pleaſe your Lordſhip to with draw your ſelfe,
Vnto this neigh-boring groue, there ſhall you ſee:
How the ſweete treble, of the chirping birds,
And the ſoft ſtirring of the mooued leaues.
Running delightfull deſcant to the ſound,
Of the baſe murmuring of the bubling brooke,
Becomes a conſort of good inſtruments.
While twenty babling ecchoes round aboute,
Out of the ſtony concaue of their mouth:
Reſtore the vaniſh't muſicke of each cloaſe,
And fill your eares full with redoubled pleaſure.

COM. SEN. I will walke with you very willingly, for I growe weary of ſitting. Come Maiſter *Regiſter*, and Maiſter *Phantaſtes*,

Finis. Act. 3. *Exeunt omnes.*

Act 4. Scena. 1.

MENDATIO. ANAMNESTES. HEVRESIS.

MEN. Prethee *Nam*, bee perſwaded, iſt not better go to a feaſt then ſtay here for a fray?

ANA. A feaſt? doeſt thinke *Auditus* wil make the Iudges a feaſt?

MEN. Faith I, why ſhould he carry them to his houſe el?

ANA. Why ſim a to heare a ſet or two of ſongs, ſlid his banquets are nothing but fiſh all ſoll, ſoll, ſoll? Ile teach thee wit boy, neuer go mee to a muſitions houſe for Iunkets, vnleſſe thy ſtomake lies in thine eares; for there is nothing but commending this ſongs delicate aire, that motects dainty aire, this ſonnets ſweete aire, that madrigalls melting aire, this dirgeſſe mournfull aire, this Church aire, that Chamber aire, *French* aire, *Engliſh* aire, *Italian* aire, why Lad, they bee pure Chamælions, they ſeede only vpon the aire.

MEN.

MEN. Chamælions? Ile be ſworne ſome of your Fidlers be rather Cammels, for by their good-wills they will neuer leaue eating.

ANA. True, and good reaſon, for they do nothing all the day but ſtretch and grate their ſmall guts; but ô, yonders the Ape *Heureſis*: let me go I prethee.

MEN. Nay good-now ſtay a little, let's ſee his humor.

HEV. I ſee no reaſon to the contrary, for we ſee the quinteſſence of Wine will conuert Water into Wine; why therefore ſhould not the Elixar of gold turne lead into pure gold?

MEN. Ha, ha, ha, ha, he is turned Chimick ſirra, it ſeemes ſo by his talke.

HEV. But how ſhall I deuiſe to blow the fire of Beeche-coales, with a continuall and equall blaſt? ha? I will haue my bellowes driuen with a wheele, which wheele ſhall bee a ſelfe mouer.

ANA. Here's old turning, theſe Chimicks ſeeking to turne Lead into Gold, turne away all their owne Siluer.

HEV. And my wheele ſhall be Geometrically proportioned into 7. or 9. concaue incircled armes, wherein I will put equall poiſes, hai, hai, hai, εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα, I haue it, I haue it, I haue it.

MEN. *Heureſis*?

HEV. But what's beſt to containe the Quick-ſiluer? ha?

ANA. Do you remember your promiſe *Heureſis*?

HEV. It muſt not be Yron, for Quick-ſiluer is the tyrant of Mettles, and will ſoone fret it.

ANA. *Heureſis? Heureſis?*

HEVR. Nor Braſſe, nor Copper, nor Maſtlin, nor Minerall, εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα, I haue it, I haue it, it muſt be,

ANA. You haue indeed ſirra, and thus much more then you looked for. (*ſnappe.*)

Heureſis *and* Anamneſtes *about to fight, but* Mendacio *parts them.*

MEN. You ſhall not fight, but if you will alwayes diſagree, let vs haue words and no blowes; *Heureſis*, what reaſon haue you to fall out with him?

HEV. Becauſe he is alwaies abuſing me, and takes the vpper hand of me euery where.

ANA. And

ANA. And why not ſirra? I am thy better in any place.

HEV. Haue I beene the Author of the ſeauen liberall Sciences, and conſequently of all learning? haue I beene the patron of all Mechanicall deuiſes, to be thy inferiour? I tell thee *Anamneſtes* thou haſt not ſo much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

ANA. Good, good, but what had your inuention beene, but for my remembrance: I can proue that thou belly-ſprung inuention, art the moſt improfitable member in the world, for euer ſince thou wert borne thou haſt beene a bloudy murtherer, and thus I proue it: In the quiet yeares of *Saturne* (I remember *Iupiter* was then but in his ſwath-bands) thou renteſt the bowels of the earth, & broughts gold to light, whoſe beautie (like *Hellen*) ſet al the world by the eares, then vpõ that thou foundeſt out Iron, and putteſt weapons in their hands, and now in the laſt populous age, thou taugh'ſt a ſcab-ſhin frier, the helliſh inuention of pouder and gunnes.

HEV. Cal'ſt it helliſh? thou lieſt it is the admirable'ſt inuention of all others, for whereas others imitate nature, this excells nature her ſelfe.

MEM. True for a Cannon will kill as many at one ſhot, as *Thunder* doth commonly at twenty.

ANA. Therefore more murthering art thou then the light bolt.

HEV. But to ſhewe the ſtrength of my conceite, I haue found out a meanes to withſtand the ſtroke of the moſt violent culuering: *Mendatio* thou ſaweſt it when I demonſtrated inuention.

ANA. What ſome wool-packes? or mudwalls? or ſuch like?

HEV. *Mendatio* I prethee tell it him for I loue not to bee a trumpeter of mine owne praiſes.

MENDAT, I muſt needs confeſſe, this deuiſe to paſſe all that euer I heard or ſaw; and thus it was, firſt hee takes a Faulcon, and charges it without all deceiptes, with dry powlder well canphred, then did hee put in a ſingle bullet, and a great quantity of drop ſhot both round and lachrimall, this done he ſets me a boy 60. paces off, iuſt pointe blanke ouer againſt the mouth of the peece, now in the very midſt of the direct line hee

faſtens a poſt, vpon which he hangs me in a corde a Siderite, of Herculean ſtone.

ANA. Well, well, I know it well, it was found out in *Ida*, in the yeare of the world—— by one *Magnes*, whoſe name it retaines, though vulgarly they call it an Adamant.

MEN. When hee had hangd this Adamant in a corde, he comes back, and giues fire to the tutch-hole, now the powder conſumed to a voide vacuvm.

HEV. Which is intollerable in Nature, for firſt ſhall the whole Machin of the world, heauen, earth, ſea, and ayre, returne to the miſhapen houſe of Chaos, then the leaſt vacuvm be found in the vniuerſe.

MEN. The bullet and drop-ſhot moſt impetuouſly from the fierie throate of the Culuering, (but o ſtrange) no ſooner came they neere the Adamant in the corde, but they were all arreſted by the Sargent of Nature, and houered in the ayre round about it, till they had loſt the force of their motion, claſping themſelues cloſe to the Stone in moſt louely manner, and not any one flew to endanger the marke, ſo much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forgot the errand they were ſent of.

ANA. This is a very artificiall lye.

MEN. *Nam* beleeue it, for I ſaw it, and which is more, I haue practiſed this deuiſe often: once when I had a quarrell with one of my Lady *Veritas* naked knaues, and had pointed him the field, I conuaide into the heart of my Buckler an Adamant, and when we met, I drew, all the foynes of his Rapier, whether ſoeuer hee intended them, or howſoeuer I guided mine arme, pointed ſtill to the midſt of my buckler, ſo that by this meanes, I hurt the Knaue mortally, and my ſelfe came away vntoucht, to the wonder of all the beholders.

ANA. Sirra you ſpeake Metaphorically, becauſe thy witte *Mendacio* alwayes drawes mens obiections to thy forethought excuſes.

HEV. *Anamneſtes* 'tis true, and I haue an addition to this, which is to make the bullet, ſhot from the enemy, to returne immediatly vpon the Gunner: but let all theſe paſſe, and ſay the worſt thou canſt againſt me.

ANA.

ANA. I ſay Gunnes were found out for the quick diſpatch of mortallity, and when thou ſaweſt men grow wiſe, and beget ſo faire a childe as Peace, of ſo foule and deformed a mother as Warre, leaſt there ſhould bee no murther, thou deuiſeſt poyſon.

MEN. Nay fie *Nam*, vrge him not too farre.

ANA, And laſt and worſt, thou foundeſt out cookery, that kills more then weapons, gunnes, warres or poyſons, and would deſtroy all, but that thou inuentedſt *Phiſicke*, that helpes to make away ſome.

HEV. But ſirra, beſides all this, I deuiſed Pillories for ſuch forging villaines as thy ſelfe.

ANA. Calſt mee villaine?

They fight, and are parted by Mendatio.

MEN. You ſhall not fight as long as I am here, giue ouer I ſay.

HEV. *Mendatio* you offer mee great wrong to hold me, in good-faith I ſhall fall out with you.

MENDA. Away, away, away, you are Inuention, are you not.

HEV. Yes Sir, what then?

MEN. And you remembrance?

ANA. Well ſir, well.

MEN. Then I will be *Iudicium*, the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends, come, come, ſhake hands, ſhake hands.

HEV. Well, well, if you will needs haue it ſo?

ANA. I am in ſome ſort content.

Mendatio walkes with them, holding them by the hands.

MEN. Why this is as it ſhould be, when *Mendatio* hath *Inuention* on the one hand, and *Remembrance* on the other, as heele be ſure neuer to bee found with Truth in his mouth: ſo hee ſcornes to be taken in a lye, hai, hai, hai, my fine wagges whiſt?

ANA. Whiſt.

HEV. Whiſt.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

Comunis, Sensus, Memory, Phantasies, Heuresis, Anamnestes take their places on the bench, as before, Auditus on the stage, a page before him bearing his target, the field sable, an heart or, next him Tragedus appareled in black velvet, faire buskins, a fauchion &c. then Comedus in a light collowred greene taffata robe, silke stockings, pumps, gloues. &c.

COMMVNIS SENSVS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES, HEVRESIS, ANAMNESTES, &c.

COM. They had some reason that held the soule a harmony, for it is greatly delighted with musicque, howe fast wee weare tyed by the eares to the consort of voices powder; but all is but a little pleasure, what profitable obiects hath he?

PHA. Your eares will teach you presently, for nowe hee is comming, that fellowe in the bayes mee thinkes I should haue known him; ô tis *Comedus*, tis so, but he is become now a daies some thing humerous, and too too, Satyricall, vp and downe, like his great grand-father *Aristophanes*.

AN. These two my Lord *Comedus* and *Tragedus*,
My fellowes both, both, twins, but so vnlike,
As birth to death, wedding to funerall:
For this that rears him selfe in buskins quainte,
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst:
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumpes doth frowne at first acquaintance:
Troble the midst, but in the end concludes,
Cloasing vp all with a sweete catastrophe?
This graue and sad disdaine with brinish teares,
That light and quick with wrinckled laughter painted;
This deales with Nobles, Kings, and Emperours:
Full of great feares, great Hopes, great enterprises,
This other trades with men of meane condition:
His proiects small, small Hopes and dangers little,
This gorgeous broidered with rich sentences:

That

That faire and purfled round with merriments :
Both vice detect, and vertue beautifie:
By being deaths mirrour, and lifes looking glaſſe.

COM. *Salutem iam primum a principio propitiam.*
Mihi atque Vobis ſpectatores nuntio.

PHA. Piſh, piſh this is a ſpeech with no action, lets here TERENCE, *quid igitur faciam. &c.*

COM. *Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc quidam cum accuſor vltro?*

PHA. Phy, phy, phy, no more action, lend me your baies, doe it thus. *Quid igitur. &c.* (he acts it after the old kinde of *Pantomimick* action.)

COM. SEN. I ſhold iudge this action *Phantaſtes* moſt abſurd, vnles we ſhould come to a Commedy, as gentlewomen to the comencement, only to ſee men ſpeake.

PHA. In my imagination it's excellent, for in this kinde the hand (you knowe) is harbinger to the tongue and prouides the words a lodging in the eares of the Auditors.

COM. SEN. *Auditus* it is nowe time you make vs acquainted with the quallity of the houſe you keepe in, for our better healpe in iudgement.

AVD. Vpon the ſides of faire mount *Cephalor*,
Haue I two houſes paſſing humaine ſkill:
Of fineſt matter by dame nature wrought,
Whoſe learned fingers haue adorn'd the ſame
With gorgeous porches of ſo ſtrange a forme,
That they command the paſſingers to ſtay:
The dores whereof in hoſpitallity,
Nor day, nor night, are ſhut, but open wide,
Gently inuite all commers; wherevpon,
They are named the open eares of *Cephalon*.
But leaſt ſome boulder ſound ſhould boldy ruſh,
And breake the niſe compoſture of the worke,
The ſkilfull builder wiſely hath inrangd,
An entry from each port with curious twines,
And crookt Meanders, like the laborinth,
That *Dedalus* fram'd to incloſe the Minotaure;
At end whereof is placed a coſtly portall:

Reſembling much the figure of a drumme,
Granting ſlow entrance to a priuate cloſet:
Where daily with a mallet in my hand,
I ſet and frame all words and ſounds that come,
Vpon an Anuile and ſo make them fit:
For the perewinckling poore; that winding leades,
From my cloſe chamber to your Lordſhips cell.
Thither do I chiefe Iuſtice of all accents,
Pſyches next porter, *Microcoſmes* front:
Learnings ritch treaſure, bring diſcipline,
Reaſons diſcourſe, knowledge of foraigne ſtates,
Lowd fame of great *Heroes* vertuous deeds:
The marrowe of graue ſpeeches and the flowers:
Of quickeſt Wits, neat Ieſts, and pure Conceits,
And often times to eaſe the heauy burthen,
Of gouernment, your Lordſhips ſhoulder beare,
I thither do conduce the pleaſing Nuptialls:
Of ſweeteſt iuſtruments with heauenly noiſe.
If then *Auditus*, haue deſeru'd the beſt:
Let him be dignified before the reſt.

COM. SEN. *Auditus* I am almoſt a Skeptickc in this matter, ſcarce knowing which way the ballance of the cauſe will decline, when I haue heard the reſt, I will diſpatch iudgement, meane while you may depart.

Auditus leads his ſhowe about the ſtage, and then goes out.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 3.

COMMVNIS SENSVS, Memoria, Phantaſtes, Anamneſtes, Heureſis *as before*, Olfactus *in a garland of ſeuerall flowers, a page before him, bearing his target, his field* vert, *a hound argent, two Boyes with caſting bottells, and two with cenſors with incenſe, another with a veluet cuſhion ſtuck with flowers, an other with a baſket of hearbes, an other with a box of Oyntment*, Olfactus *leads them about, and making obeyſance preſents them before the bench.*

1. BOY

1. BOY. Your onely way to make a good pomander, is this, take an ownce of the pureſt garden mould, cleanſed and ſteeped ſeauen daies in change of motherleſſe roſe water, then take the beſt Labdanum, Benioine, both Storaxes, amber greece, and Ciuet, and muſke, incorporate them together, and work them into what forme you pleaſe, this if your breath bee not to valiant, will make you ſmell as ſweete as my Ladies dogge.

PHA. This Boy it ſhould ſeeme repreſents Odor, hee is ſo perfect a perfumer.

ODOR. I do my Lord, and haue at my command,
The ſmell of flowers, and Odoriferous drugs,
Of oyntments ſweete, and excellent perfumes,
And Court-like waters, which if once you ſmell,
You in your heart would wiſh as I ſuppoſe:
That all your Body were tranſformed to Noſe.

PHA. *Olfactus* of all the Senſes, your obiects haue the worſt luck, they are alwaies iarring with their contraries, for none can weare Ciuet, but they are ſuſpected of a proper badde ſent, where the prouerbe ſprings, hee ſmelleth beſt, that doth of nothing ſmell.

ACT. 4. SCENA 4.

The bench and Olfactus *as before*, Tobacco *apparelled in a taffata mantle, his armes browne and naked, buſkins made of the pilling of Oſiers, his necke bare, hung with Indian leaues, his face browne painted with blewe ſtripes, in his noſe ſwines teeth, on his head a painted wicker crowne, with Tobacco pipes ſet in it, plumes of Tobacco leaues, lead by two Indian boyes naked, with tapers in their hands, Tobacco boxes and pipes lighted.*

PHA. Foh, foh, what a ſmell is heare? is this one of your delightfull obiects?

OLF. It is your onely ſent in requeſt Sir.

COM. SEN. What fiery fellowe is that, which ſmoakes ſo much in the mouth?

OLF.

OLF. It is the great and puiſſant God of Tobacco.

TOB. *Ladoch guevarroh pufuer ſhelvaro baggon,*
Olſia di quanon, Indi cortilo vraggon.

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this in my opinion is the tongue of the Antipodes.

MEM, No I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians ſpake, that liued long before the Moone.

COM. SEN. What ſignifies it *Olfactus?*

OLF. This is the mighty Emperour Tobacco, King of Trinidado, that in being conquered, conquered all Europe, in making them pay tribute for their ſmoake.

TOB. *Erfronge inglues conde hiſingo,*
Deuelin floſcoth mapu cocthinge.

OLF. Expeller of Catarhes, baniſher of all agues, your guts onely ſalue for the greene wounds of a non plus.

TOB. *Al vulcam vercu, I parda pora ſi de gratam, ka famula mara, che Bauho reſpartera, quirara?*

OLF. Sonne to the God *Vulcan*, and *Tellus*, kinne to the father of Myrth, called *Bacchus?*

TOB. *Viſcardonok, pilloſtuphe, paſcano tinaromagas,*
Pagi dagon ſtolliſinfe, carocibato ſcribas.

OLF. Genius of all Swaggerers, profeſt enemy to Phyſitions, ſweete ointment for ſowre teeth, firme knot of good fellowſhip, Adamant of Company, ſwift winde, to ſpred the wings of Time, hated of none, but thoſe that know him not, and of ſo great deſerts, that who ſo is acquainted with him, can hardly forſake him.

PHA. It ſeemes theſe laſt words were very ſignificant, I promiſe you a God of great denominatiõ, he may be my Lord Tappes for his large Titles.

COM. SEN. But forward *Olfactus*, as they haue done before you, with your diſcription?

OLF. Iuſt in the mid'ſt of *Cephalons* round face
As 'twere a frontiſ-ſpice vntõ the hill,
Olfactus lodging built in figure long,
Doubly diſ-parted with two precious vaults,
The rootes whereof moſt richly are incloſ'd,
With Orient Pearles, and ſparkling Diamonds:

Beſet

Beſet at the end with Emerauds and Turchois,
And Rubies red, and flaming Criſolits,
At vpper end whereof in coſtly manner,
I lay my head betweene two ſpungeous pillowes,
Like faire *Adonis* twixt the paps of *Venus*,
Where I conducting in and out the wind,
Daily examine all the ayre inſpir'd,
By my pure ſearching, if it be pure,
And fit to ſerue the lungs with liuely breath:
Hence do I likewiſe miniſter perfume
Vnto the neighbour brayne, perfumes of force
To cleanſe your head, and make your fantaſie
To refine wit, and ſharpe inuention
And ſtrengthen memory, from whence it came,
That old deuotion, Incence did ordaine
To make mans ſpirits more apt for things diuine,
Beſides a thouſand more commodities,
In leiw whereof your Lordſhips I requeſt,
Giue me the crowne if I deſerue it beſt.

Olfactus leades his company about the Stage, and goes out.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 5.

The Bench as before: a Page with a ſhield argent, an Ape proper with an apple, then Guſtus *with a cornu-copia in his hand,* Bacchus *in a Garland of leaues and Grapes, a white ſute, and ouer it a thin ſarſenet to his foote, in his hand a ſpeare wreathed with vine leaues, on his arme a Target with a Tiger,* Ceres *with a Crowne of eares of corne, in a yellow ſilke robe, a bunch of poppy in her hand, a ſchutcheon charged with a Dragon.*

COM. SEN. In good time *Guſtus*, haue you brought your obiects?

GVST. My ſeruant *Appetitus* followeth with them.

AP. Come come *Bacchus*, you are ſo fat; enter enter.

PH. Fie, fie *Guſtus* this is a great indecorum to bring *Bacchus* alone, you ſhould haue made Thirſt led him by the hand.

Gvs. Right Sir, but Men now a dayes drinke often when they be not drye, beſides I could not get red hearings and dried neates tongues enough to apparell him in.

Com. Sen. What neuer a ſpeech of him.

Gvs. I put an *Octaue* of *Iambicks* in his mouth, and hee hath drunke it downe.

Ap. Well done, Muſcadine and Eggs ſtand hot; what butter'd Claret? go thy way thou had'ſt beſt, for blind man that cannot ſee how wickedly thou look'ſt -- how now, what ſmall thin fellow, are you here? ha?

Boy. Beere forſooth, beere forſooth.

Ap. Beere forſooth? get you gone to the buttery, till I call for you, you are none of *Bacchus* attendants, I am ſure, he cannot indure the ſmell of Mault. Whereas *Ceres?* ô well, well, is the March-pane broken? ill luck, ill luck, come hang't, neuer ſtand to ſet it together againe; ſerue out fruite there; (*Enter Boyes with a Banket, Marmolet, ſweet &c. deliuer it round among the Gentlewomen, and goe out*) what doe you come with roſte-meat after Aples, away with it. Diſgeſtion ſerue out cheeſe; what, but a penny-worth, it is iuſt the meaſure of his noſe that ſold it? lambs wooll; the meekeſt meate in the world, t'will let any man fleece it. Snap-dragon there.

Mem. O I remember this diſh well, it was firſt inuented by *Pluto* to intertaine *Proſerpina* withall.

Pha. I thinke not ſo *Memory*, for when *Hercules* had kild the flaming Dragon of *Heſperdia*, with the Apples of that Orchard, he made this fiery meate, in memory whereof hee named it Snap-dragon.

Com. Sen. *Guſtus*, lets here your deſcription?

Gvs. Neare to the lowly baſe of *Cephalon*,
My houſe is plac'd, not much vnlike a Caue:
Yet archt aboue by wondrous workemanſhip
With hewen ſtones wrought ſmoother and more fine
Then Ieat or Marble fayre from *Iſland* brought.
Ouer the dore directly doth incline
A fayre Percullis of compacture ſtrong,
To ſhut out all that may anoy the ſtate,
Or health of *Macrocoſme*; and within

Is ſpred along board like a plyant tongue,
At which I howerly ſit, and tryall take,
Of meats and drinkes needefull and delectable:
Twiſe euery day do I prouiſion make
For the ſumptious kitchin of the common wealth,
which once well boyl'd, is ſoone diſtributed,
To all the members, well refreſhing them
With good ſupplie of ſtrength-renewing foode,
Should I neglect this muſing dilligence
The body of the Realme would ruinate:
Your ſelfe my Lord with all your policies
And wondrous wit, could not preſerue your ſelfe,
Nor you *Phantaſtes*, nor you *Memorie*;
Pſyche her ſelfe, were't not that I repayre
Her crazie houſe with props of nouriſhment,
Would ſoone forſake vs: for whoſe deareſt ſake
Many a grieuous paine haue I ſuſtain'd,
By bitter pills, and ſowre purgations,
Which if I had not valiantly abidden,
She had beene long ere this departed,
Since the whole *Microcoſme* I maintaine,
Let mee as Prince, aboue the Senſes raigne.

COM. SEN. The reaſons you vrge *Guſtus* breed a new doubt whether it be better to be commodious or neceſſary, the reſolution whereof I refer to your iudgement, licenſing you meane while to depart. (*Guſtus leads his ſhew about the ſtage, & goes out*)

ACTVS 4. SCENA. 6.

The bench as before; TACTVS, *a Page before him bearing his Scutcheon, a Torteſſe ſables.*

TAC. Ready anon forſooth? the Diuell ſhe will,
Who would be toyl'd with wenches in a ſhew.

COM. S. What in ſuch anger *Tactus*? whats the matter?

TAC. My Lord I had thought as other Senſes did,
By ſight of obiects to haue prou'd my worth;
Wherefore conſidering that of all the things,
That pleaſe me moſt, women are counted cheefe.

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By ſight of obiects to haue prou'd my worth;
Wherefore conſidering that of all the things,
That pleaſe me moſt, women are counted cheeſe.

I had thought to haue repreſented in my ſhew,
The Queene of pleaſure, *Venus* and her Sonne,
Leading a Gentleman enamored,
With his ſweete touching of his Miſtriſſe lippes,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,
And diuers pleaſant reliſhes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chaſtity.

PHA. *Tactus*, of all I long to ſee your obiects,
How comes it we haue loſt thoſe pretty ſports.

TAC. Thus 'tis, fiue houres agoe I ſet a douzen maides to attire a boy like a nize Gentlewoman: but there is ſuch doing with their looking-glaſſes, pinning, vnpinning, ſetting, vnſeting, formings and conformings painting blew vaines, and cheekes, ſuch ſtirre with Stickes and Combes, Caſcanets, Dreſſings, Purles, Falles, Squares, Buskes, Bodies, Scarffes, Neck-laces, Carcanets, Rebatoes, Borders, Tires, Fannes, Palizadoes, Puffes, Ruffes, Cuffes, Muffes, Pusſles, Fusſles, Partlets, Friſlets, Bandlets, Fillets, Croſlets, Pendulets, Amulets, Annulets, Bracelets, and ſo many lets, that yet ſhee is ſcarſe dreſt to the girdle: and now there's ſuch calling for Fardingales, Kirtlets, Busk-points, ſhootyes &c. that ſeauen Pedlers ſhops, nay all Sturbridge Faire will ſcarſe furniſh her: a Ship is ſooner rigd by farre, then a Gentlewoman made ready.

PHA. Tis ſtrange, that women being ſo mutable,
Will neuer change in changing their apparell?

COM. SEN. Well let them paſſe; *Tactus* we are content,
To know your dignity by relation.

TAC. The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand,
Courteſies index, Chamberlane to Nature,
The bodies Souldier, and mouthes Caterer,
Pſyches great Secretarie, the dumbes eloquence,
The blindmans Candle, and his forheads Buckler,
The miniſter of wrath, and friendſhips ſigne,
This is my inſtrument: neuertheleſſe my power
Extends it ſelfe, farre as our Queene commands,
Through all the parts and climes of *Microcoſme*.
I am the roote of life, ſpreading my vertue
By ſinewes that extend from head to foote,

To

To euery liuing part.
For as a ſuttle Spider cloſely ſitting,
In center of her web that ſpreddeth round:
If the leaſt Flie but touch the ſmalleſt thred,
Shee feeles it inſtantly; ſo doth my ſelfe,
Caſting my ſlender nerue and ſundry netts,
Ouer euery particle of all the body,
By proper skill perceaue the difference,
Of ſeuerall quallities, hot, cold, moiſt and drie;
Hard, ſoft, rough, ſmooth, clammy and ſlippery.
Sweete pleaſure, and ſharp paine profitable,
That makes vs wounded ſeeke for remedy:
By theſe meanes do I teach the Body flie,
From ſuch bad things as may indanger it:
A wall of braſſe can be no more defence,
Vnto a towne then I to *Microcoſme*?
Tell me what ſence is not beholding to mee,
The noſe is hot or cold, the eies do weepe:
The eares do feele, the taſt's a kinde of touching,
That when I pleaſe, I can command them all,
And make them tremble when I threaten them:
I am the eldeſt, and biggeſt of all the reſt,
The chiefeſt note, and firſt deſtinction,
Betwixt a liuing tree and liuing beaſt;
For though one heare, and ſee: and ſmell: and taſt
If he wants touch, he is counted but a block?
Therefore my Lord grant me the royalty:
Of whome there is ſuch great neceſſity.

COM. SEN. *Tactus* ſtand aſide; you ſirra *Anamneſtes* tell the Senſes we expect their appearance.

ANA. At your Lordſhips pleaſure? *Exit Anamneſtes.*

ACT. 4. SCEN. 7.

COM. SEN. PHA. MEM. HEV. ANA. *Vpon the bench conſulting among themſelues:* VIS. TACT. GVST. *and* OLF. *euery one with his ſhield vpon his arme?* LINGVA *and* MENDATIO *with them.*

COM. SEN. Though you deſerue no ſmall puniſhment for

theſe vp-rores, yet at the requeſt of theſe my aſiſtants I remit it, & by the power of Iudgement our gratious ſoueraigne Pſuche hath geuen mee. Thus I determine of your controuerſies: hum? By your former obiects, inſtruments and reaſons, I conceaue the ſtate of *Senſe* to bee deuided into two patts, one of commodity, the other of neceſſity, both which are either for our Queene or for our country, but as the Soule is more excellent then the Body, ſo are the *Senſes* that proffit the Soule to be eſtimated before thoſe that are needefull for the Body; *Viſus* and *Auditus* ſerue your ſelues, Maiſter *Regiſter* giue me the crowne; becauſe it is better to be well, then ſimply to be, therfore I iudge the crowne by right to belong to you of the Commodities part & the robe to you of the Neceſſities ſide; and ſince you *Viſus* are the author of inuention, & you *Auditus* of increaſe and additiō to the ſame, ſeeing it is more excellent to inuent, then to augment, I eſtabliſh you *Viſus* the better of the two, and chiefe of all the reſt, in token whereof, I beſtowe vpon you this crowne to weare at your liberty.

VIS. I moſt humbly thanke your Lordſhips.

COM. SEN. But leaſt I ſhould ſeeme to neglect you *Auditus*, I heare chuſe you to bee the Lords intelligencer to *Pſuchee* her Maieſty, and you *Olfactus*, we beſtow vpon you the chiefe Preiſthood of *Microcoſme*, perpetually to offer incenſe in her maieſties temple. As for you *Tactus* vpon your reaſons aleaged, I beſtowe vpon you the roabs.

TACT. I accept it moſt gratefully at your iuſt hands, and will weare it in the deare remembrance of your good Lordſhip.

COM. SEN. And laſtly, *Guſtus* we elect you *Pſuche* her onely taſter, and great purueior for all her dominions, both by ſea and land, in her realme of *Microcoſme*.

GVS. We thanke your Lordſhip, and reſt well content with equall arbitrement.

COM. SEN. Now for you *Lingua*.

LIN. I beſeech your honour let me ſpeake, I will neither trouble the company nor offend your patience.

COM. SEN. I cannot ſtay ſo long; wee haue conſulted about you, and finde your cauſe to ſtand vpon theſe tearmes, and conditions. The number of the *Senſes* in this little world, is anſwerable

ſwerable to the firſt bodies in the great world: now ſince there bee but fiue in the Vniuerſe, the foure elements and the pure ſubſtance of the heauens, therefore there can bee but fiue ſenſes in our *Microcoſme*, correſpondent to thoſe, as the ſight to the heauens, hearing to the aire, touching to the earth, ſmelling to the fire, taſting to the water, by which fiue meanes onely the vnderſtanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all Corporeall ſubſtances? wherefore wee iudge you to bee no *Senſe* ſimply, onely thus much we from hence forth pronounce, that all women for your ſake ſhall haue ſix *Senſes*, that is ſeeing, hearing, taſting, ſmelling, touching, and the laſt and feminine ſenſe, the ſenſe of ſpeaking.

GVS. I beſeech your Lordſhips and your aſiſtants, (the onely cauſe of our friendſhip,) to grace my table with your moſt welcome preſence this night at ſupper.

COM. SEN. I am ſorry I cannot ſtay with you, you know we may by no meanes omit our daiely attendance at the Court, therefore I praie you pardon vs.

GVS. I hope I ſhall not haue the deniall at your hands my Maiſters, and you my Ladie *Lingua*, come let vs drowne all our anger in a bowle of hippocras.

Exeunt Senſus omnes exteriores.

COM. SEN. Come Maiſter *Regiſter* ſhall we walke?

MEM. I pray you ſtay a little? let mee ſee? ha, ha, ha, ha ha,

PHA. How now *Memory* ſo merry? what doe you trouble your ſelfe with two palſies at once? ſhaking, and laughing.

MEM. Tis a ſtrange thing that men will ſo confidently oppoſe themſelues againſt *Platoes* great yeare.

PHA. Why not.

MEM. Tis as true an opinion as needs be; for I remember it verie readily now, that this time 49000. yeares agoe all wee weare in this verie place and your Lordſhip iudged the verie ſame controuerſie, after the verie ſame manner, in all reſpects, and cercumſtances alike.

COM. Tis wondrous ſtrange.

ANA. By the ſame token you held your Staffe in your right

right hand, iuſt as you do now, and Mr *Phantaſtes* ſtood wondring at you, gaping as wide as you ſee him.

PH. I but I did not giue you a boxe on the eare ſirrah 49000. yeares ago, did I? (ſnappe)

ANA. I do not remember that Sir.

PHA. This time *Platoes* twelue month to come, looke you ſaue your cheekes better.

COM. SEN. But what intertainment had we at Court for our long ſtaying?

MEM. Lets go, Ile tell you as we walke.

PHA. If I doe not ſeeme pranker nowe, then I did in thoſe dayes, Ile be hang'd?

Exeunt omnes interiores Senſus, manet Lingua.

ACTVS 4. SCENA. 8.

LINGVA. MENDATIO.

LING. Why this is good by common Senſes meanes,
Lingua thou haſt framed a perfect comœdy
They are all good friends, whom thou mad'ſt enemies,
And I am halfe a Senſe: a ſweete peece of ſeruice,
I promiſe you a fayre ſtep to preferment.
Was this the care and labour thou haſt taken,
To bring thy foes together to a banket,
To looſe thy Crowne, and be deluded thus,
Well now I ſee my cauſe is deſperate,
The iudgements paſt, ſentence irreuocable,
Therefore Ile be content and clap my hands,
And giue a *Plaudite* to their proceedings:
What ſhall I leaue my hate begun imperfect?
So fowly vanquiſht by the ſpitefull Senſes?
Shall I the Embaſſadreſſe of Gods and Men
That puld proud *Phœbe* from her brightſome ſpheare
And darkt *Apollo's* countenance with a word
Rayſing at pleaſure ſtormes, and winds, and earth-quakes
Be ouercrowed? and breath without reuenge?

Yet

Yet they forſooth baſe ſlaues muſt be preferred,
And deck themſelues with my right ornaments?
Doth the all-knowing *Phœbus* ſee this ſhame
Without redreſſe? will not Heauens helpe me?
Then ſhall Hell do it, my enchanting tongue
Can mount the skies, and in a moment fall,
From the Pole Artick to darke *Acheron*.
Ile make them know mine anger is not ſpent,
Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.
Mendatio, come hether quickly ſirra.

MEN. Madame.

LING. Harke hether in thine eare.

MEN. Why do you whiſh thus? here's none to heare you.

LING. I dare not truſt theſe ſecrets to the Earth, ere ſince ſhe brought forth Reedes, whoſe babling noiſe tolde all the world of *Midas* Aſſes eares, (*She whispers him in the eare*) Dooſt vnderſtand me?

MEN. I, I, I —neuer feare that— there's a ieſt indeed—piſh, piſh,——Madam——doe you thinke mee ſo fooliſh?——tut, tut, doubt not.

LIN. Tell her if ſhe doe not.

MEN. Why do you make any queſtion of it——what a ſtirre is here —I warrant you——preſently? *Exit Mendatio?*

LING. Well, Ile to ſupper, and ſo cloſely couer,
The ruſtie cancker of mine Yron ſpight,
With golden foile of goodly ſemblances,
But if I do not trounce them —— *Exit Lingua.*

Finis Act. 4.

Actus. 5. Scena 1.

MENDATIO *with a bottle in his hand.*

MEN. My Lady *Lingua* is iuſt like one of theſe leane-witted *Comedians*, who diſturbing all to the fift Act, bring downe ſome *Mercurie* or *Iupiter* in an Engine, to make all friends. So ſhee, but in a contrary manner, ſeeing her former plots diſpurpoſed, ſends me to an old Witch called *Acraſia* to helpe to weake her

ſpight vpon the Senſes: the olde hag after manie an incricled circumſtance, and often naminge of the direfull *Hecate*, and *Demogorgon*, giues mee this bottle of wine mingled with ſuch helliſh drugges and forcible words, that whoſoeuer drinkes of it ſhall bee preſentlie poſſeſt with an inraged and mad kinde of anger.

ACT. 5. SCENA. 2.

MENDACIO, CRAPVLA, APPETITVS *crying.*

MEND. What's this *Crapula* beating *Appetitus* out of dores? ha!

CRAP. You filthie long Crane, you meager ſlaue, will you kil our gueſts with blowing continuall hunger in them? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe) the Senſes haue ouercharged their ſtomackes already, and you Sirra ſerue them vp a freſh appetite with euerie newe diſh, they had burſt their gutts if thou hadd'ſt ſtaied but a thought longer? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe,) bee gon or ile ſet thee away, begon ye gnawe-bone, raw-bone, raſcal.

MEND. Then my deuiſe is cleane ſpoiled. *Appetitus* ſhould haue beene as the bowle to preſent this medecine to the Senſes, and now *Crapula* hath beaten him out of dores? what ſhall I doe?

CRAP. Away Sirra, (tiff toff, tiff. &c.

APP. Well *Crapula*, well, I haue deſerued better at your hands then ſo, I was the man you knowe firſt brought you into *Guſtus* his ſeruice, I lin'd your gutts there, and you vſe me thus? but greaſe a fat ſowe. &c.

CRAP. Do'ſt thou talke (tiff, toff) hence, hence tiff, tiff, hence auaunt curre, auaunt you dogge! *Exit Crapula.*

APP. The belching gor-bellie hath wellnigh kill'd me; I am ſhut out of dores finely, well this is my comfort, I may walke now in libertie at my owne pleaſure.

MEND. *Appetitus*, *Appetuus*!

APP. Ah *Mendacio*, *Mendacio*,

MEND. Why how now man, how now? how ift (canſt not ſpeake.

APP.

APP. Faith I am like a bag-pipe, that neuer ſound's but when the bellie is full.

MEND. Thou emptie, and com'ſt from a feaſt.

APP. From a fray I tell thee *Mendacio*. I am now iuſt like the Ewe that gaue ſucke to a wolfes whelpe. I haue nurſt vp my fellowe *Crapula* ſo longe, that hee's growne ſtrong enough to beate me.

MEND. And whither wil't thou go, now thou art baniſh't out of ſeruice?

APP. Faith Ile trauell to ſome College or other in an Vniuerſitie.

MEND. Why ſo?

APP. Becauſe *Appetitus* is well beloued among'ſt Schollers, for there I can dine and ſuppe with them & riſe againe as good friends as we ſate downe, Ile thither queſtionles.

MEND. Hear'ſt thou? giue me thy hand; by this hand I loue thee; go too then, thou ſhalt not forſake thy maiſters thus, I ſay thou ſhalt not.

APP. Alas I am verie loth; but how ſhould I helpe it?

MEND. Why take this bottle of wine, come on, go thy waies to them againe.

APP. Ha, ha, ha, what good will this doe?

MEND. This is the *Nepenthe* that reconciles the God's: doe but let the Senſes taſt of it, and feare not, theile loue thee as well as euer they did.

APP. I pray thee where had'ſt it?

MEND. My Ladie gaue it me to bring her: *Mercury* ſtale it from *Hebe* for her: thou knoweſt there were ſom iarres betwixt her and thy maiſters, & with this drinke ſhe would gladlie waſh out all the reliques of their diſagreement: Nowe becauſe I loue thee, thou ſhalt haue the grace of preſenting it to them and ſo come in fauour againe.

APP. It ſmelles well I would faine begin to them;

MEND. Nay ſtaie no longer leaſt they haue ſupp't before thou come.

APP. *Mendacio*, howe ſhall I requite thy infinite curteſie.

MEN. Nay praie thee leaue, go catch occaſion by the foretop,

but hearſt thou? as ſoone as it is preſented, round my Lady *Lingua* in the eare, and tell her of it.

APP. I will, I will, I will, Adue, adue, adue, *Exit Appeti.*

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 3.

MENDACIO *ſolus.*

MEN. Why this is better then I could haue wiſht it,
Fortune I thinke is falne in loue with me,
Anſwering ſo right mine expectation.
By this time *Appetite* is at the Table.
And with a lowly Cringe preſents the Wine,
To his olde Maiſter *Guſtus*, now he takes it,
And drinkes perchance to *Lingua*, ſhe craftily
Kiſſes the Cup, but lets not downe a drop,
And giues it to the reſt; 'tis ſweet, theile ſwallow it,
But when 'tis once deſcended to the ſtomack,
And ſends vp noiſome vapours to the braine,
'Twill make them ſwagger gallantly, theile rage
Moſt ſtrangely, or *Acraſias* Art deceiues her,
When if my Lady ſtirre her nimble tongue,
And cloſely ſowe contentious words amongſt them,
O what a ſtabbing there will be? what bleeding?

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 4.

LINGVA. MENDACIO.

LING. What art thou there *Mendacio*? prettie raſcall,
Come let me kiſſe thee for thy good deſerts.

MEN. Madame do'ſt take? haue they all taſted it?

LING. All, all, and all are well nigh mad already:
Oh how they ſtare, and ſweare, and fume, and brawle,
Wrath giues them weapons; Pots and Candle-ſticks,
Ioin'd ſtooles and Trenchers flie about the roome,
Like to the bloudie banquet of the *Centaures*,
But all the ſport is to ſee what ſeuerall thoughts

The

The potions works in their Imaginations.
For *Viſus* thinkes himſelfe; a ha,ha,ha,ha,ha.

ACTVS 5. SCENA. 5.

APPETITVS, MENDATIO, LINGVA.

AP. So-hoe *Mendatio*! ſo-hoe,ſo-hoe!

MEN. Madame I doubt they come,yonder is *Appetitus*,you had beſt begon, leaſt in their outrage they ſhould iniure you. (*Exit Lingua*) How now *Hunger*? how do'ſt thou my fine may-pole,ha?

AP. I may well be calld a may-pole: for the Senſes do nothing but dance a morice about mee.

MEN. Why? what ayles them? are they not (as I promiſed thee) friends with thee.

AP. Friends with mee? nay rather frenzy: I neuer knewe them in ſuch a caſe, in all my life.

MEN. Sure they dranke too much, and are mad for loue of thee.

AP. They want common Senſe among'ſt them: there's ſuch a hurly burly *Auditus* is ſtarke deafe, and wonders why Men ſpeake ſo ſoftly that he cannot here them: *Viſus* hath drunke himſelfe ſtarke blind, and therefore imagineth himſelfe to bee *Polyphemus*: *Tactus* is raging mad, and cannot bee otherwiſe perſwaded, but hee is *Hercules furens*; there's ſuch conceits amongſt them.

ACT. 5. SCENA. 6.

VISVS. APPETITVS. MENDATIO.

VIS. O that I could but finde the villaine *Outis*, *Outis* the villaine, that thus blinded mee.

MEN. Who is this? *Viſus*?

AP. I,I,I, otherwiſe callled *Polyphemus*.

VIS: By heauens bright Sunne, the dayes moſt glorioüs eye,

That lightneth all the world but *Polypheme*,
And by myne eye that once was answerable
Vnto that Sunne, but now's extinguished.

MEN. He can see to sweare mee thinkes?

VIS. If I but once lay hands vpon the slaue,
That thus hath rob'd mee of my dearest iewell,
Ile rend the Miscreant into a thousand peeces.
And gnash his trembling members 'twixt my teeth,
Drinking his liue-warme blood to satisfie,
The boyling thirst of paine and furiousnesse,
That thus exasperates great *Polypheme*.

MEN. Pray thee *Appetitus* see how hee graspes for that hee would be loath to finde.

AP. What's that? a stumbling block?

VIS. These hands, that whilom tore vp sturdy Oakes,
And rent the rock that dasht out *Acis* braines,
Both in the stole-blisse of my *Galatea*,
Serue now (ô misery) to no better vse,
But for bad guides to my vnskilfull feete.
Neuer accustomed thus to be directed.

MEN. As I am a rogue, hee wants nothing but a wheele, to make him the true picture of Fortune; how saist? what shall we play at blind-man-buffe with him?

AP. I if thou wilt, but first ile trie whether he can see!

VIS. Find me out *Outis*, search the rocks, and woods,
The hilles and dales, and all the Coast's adioyning.
That I may haue him, and reuenge my wrong.

AP. *Visus* mee thinkes your eyes are well enough.

VIS. What's hee that calles mee *Visus*? do'st not know.

(*They run about him, playing with him, and abusing him.*)

AP. To him *Mendatio*, to him, to him.

MEN. There, there *Appetitus*, hee comes, he comes; ware ware, he comes, ha, ha, ha, ha.

(*Visus* stumbles falles downe, and sits still.

ACT.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 7.

MENDATIO. APPETITVS, TACTVS *with a great black lack in his hand.*

MEN: Is this he that thinkes himselfe *Hercules*?
AP. I, will't see mee out-swagger him?
MEN. I do, do, I loue not to sport with such mad play-fellowes; tickle him *Appetitus*, tickle him, tickle him.
Exit Mendatio
TAC. Haue I not here the great and puissant Club,
Wherewith I conquered three Chopt *Cerberus*.
APP. Haue I not here the sharpe, and warlike teeth,
That at one break-fast quaild thrice three hogg's faces?
TAC. And are not these *Alcides* brawny armes,
That rent the Lyons iawes and kill'd the boare?
AP. And is not this the Stomacke that defeated
Nyne yards of pudding, and a ranke of pyes?
TAC. Did not I crop the seauen-fold *Hydras* creſt,
And with a riuer clensed *Augeas* stable?
AP. Did not I crush a seuen-fold Custards crust,
And with my tongue, swept a well furnisht table?
TAC. Did not these feete and hands oretake and slay,
The nimble Stagge, and fierce impetuous bull?
AP. Did not this throat at one good meale deuoure,
That Stagges sweet venison, and that strong Bulls beefe?
TAC. Shall *Hercules* be thus disparaged?
Iuno! you ponting Queane, you lowring trull?
Take heede I take you not; for by *Ioues* thunder
Ile be reueng'd (*Appetitus* drawes *Visus* backward from *Tactus*.
AP. Why *Visus*, *Visus*, will you be kill'd? away, away. *Exit*
TAC. Who haue we here, see, see the Giant *Cacus*, *Visus*.
Drawes an Oxe backward to his theeuish den,
Hath this deuise so long deluded mee?
Monster of men *Cacus* restore my cattle,
Or instantly Ile crush thy idle Cox-combe.

And

And daſh thy doltiſh braines againſt thy Caue.

AP. *Cacus*, I *Cacus*? ha, ha, ha. *Tactius* you miſtake mee.
I am yours to command, *Appetitus*.

TAC. Art *Appetitus*? Th'art ſo; run quickly villaine,
Fetch a whole Oxe to ſatiſſie my ſtomacke.

AP. Fetch an Aſſe to keepe you company.

TAC. Then downe to Hell, tell *Pluto* Prince of Diuells,
That great *Alcides* want's a kitchen wench.
To turne his ſpit, command him from my ſelfe!
To ſend vp *Proſerpine* ſhee'l ſerue the turne.

AP. I muſt finde you meate and the Diuell finde you cookes
Which is the next way?

TAC. Follow the beaten path thou canſt not miſſe it
Tis a wide Cauſie that conducteth thether,
An eaſie tract and downe hill all the way,
But if the blacke Prince will not ſend her quickly,
But ſtill detaine her for his bed-fellow,
Tell him Ile drag him from his iron chayre,
By the ſteele treſſes, and then ſow him faſt,
With the three furies in a letherne bag.
And thus will drowne them in the Ocean.

(*he powres the Iack of beere vpon* Appetitus)

AP. You had better keepe him aliue to light Tobacco-pipes
or to ſweepe chimneys.

TAC. Art thou not gone, nay then ile ſend thy ſoule,
Before thee, 'twill do thy meſſage ſooner (tiffe, tiffe.)
AP. *Hercules*, *Hercules*, *Hercules*? do not you heare *Omphale*?
Hearke how ſhe calles you, hearke?

TAC. Tis ſhee indeed I know her ſugred voice?
Omphale deare Commandreſſe of my life
My thoughts repoſe, ſweet Center of my cares
Where all my hopes, and beſt deſires take reſt.
Lo! where the mighty Sonne of *Iupiter*
Throwes himſelfe Captiue at your conquering feete
Do not diſdaine my voluntary humbleneſſe.
Accept my ſeruice, bleſſe me with commanding,
I will performe the hardeſt impoſition
And run through twelue newe labours for thy ſake.

Omphale

Omphale deare commandreſſe of my life.

APP. Do you not ſee how ſhe beckons to you to follow her?
Looke how ſhe holds her diſtaffe, looke you?

TAC. Where is ſhe gone, that I may follow her?
Omphale ſtay, ſtay, take thy *Hercules*!

APP. There there man, you are right. *Exit Tactus.*

ACT. 5. SCENE. 8.

APPETITVS *Solus.*

APP. What a ſtrange temper are the Senſes in?
How come their witts thus topſie turuie turn'd?
Hercules Tactus, Viſus Polypheme,
Two goodly ſurnames haue they purchaſed:
By the rare Ambroſian of an Oyſter Pie;
They haue got ſuch proud imaginations,
That I could wiſh I were mad for company:
But ſince my fortunes cannot ſtretch ſo high,
Ile reſt contented with this wiſe eſtate.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 9.

APPETITVS. AVDITVS *with a Candleſtick.*

APP. What more anger? *Auditus* got abroad too.

AVD. Take this abuſe at baſe *Olfactus* hands?
What did he challenge me to meete me here,
And is not come? well Ile proclaime the ſlaue,
The vileſt daſtard that ere broke his word;
But ſtay yonder's *Appetitus.*

APP. I pray you *Auditus*, what ailes you?

AVD. Ha, ha!

APP. What ailes you?

AVD. Ha! what ſaiſt thou?

APP. Who hath abus'd you thus?

AVD. Why do'ſt thou whiſper thus? Canſt not ſpeake out?

APP. Saue me I had cleane forgotten; why are you ſo angry *Auditus?*

AV. Bite vs, who dare bite vs?

AP. I talke of no bitting, I ſay whats the matter betweene *Olfactus* and you?

AV. Will *Olfactus* bite mee? do if he dares, would he would meete me here according to his promiſe: Mine eares are ſomwhat thicke of late, I pray thee ſpeake out lowder.

AP. Ha ha ha ha this is fine i'faith: ha, ha, ha. Heare you, haue you loſt your eares at ſupper.

AV. Excellent cheare at ſupper I confeſſe it:
But when 'tis ſawc'd with ſowre contentions,
And breeds ſuch quarrells 'tis intollerable,

AP. Piſh, piſh this is my queſtion. Hath your ſupper ſpoild your hearing?

AV. Hearing at ſupper, tell not me of hearing:
But if thou ſaw'ſt *Olfactus*, bring mee to him.

AP, I aske you whether you haue loſt your hearing?

AV. O doſt thou heare them ring? what a griefe is this
Thus to be deafe, and looſe ſuch harmony?
Wretched *Auditus* nowe ſhalt thou neuer here
The pleaſing changes that a well tun'd Corde,
Of trowling bells, will make, when they are true rung.

AP. Heer's a do indeed, I thinke he is mad, as well as drunk or deafe.

AVD. Ha, what's that.

AP. I ſay you haue made me hoarſe with ſpeaking ſo loude.

AVD. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou of a creaking Crou'd?

AP. I am hoarce I tell you, and my head akes.

AV. Oh I vnderſtand thee! the firſt croud was made of a (horſe-head
Tis true, the finding of a dead horſe-head,
Was the firſt inuention of ſtring-inſtruments,
Whence roſe the Gitterne, Viall, and the Lute:
Though others thinke the Lute was firſt deuiſ'd,
In imitation of a Torteſſe back
Whoſe ſinewes parched by Apollo's beames,
Ecchoed about the concaue of the ſhell,
And ſeeing the ſhorteſt and ſmalleſt gaue ſhrilleſt ſound,
They found out frets whoſe ſweet diuerſity
(Well couched by the skill-full learned fingers)

Raiſeth

Raiſeth ſo ſtrange a multitude of Cordes,
Which their opinion many do confirme,
Becauſe *Teſtudo* ſignifyes a Lute.
But if I by no meanes. ——————

AP. Nay if you begin to criticke once, wee ſhal neuer haue done. (Exit *Appetitus* and carries away *Auditus* perforce

ACT. 5. SCEN. 10.

CRAPVLA *a fat bellied ſlaue, clothed in a light vaile of Sarſnet, a Garland of vine-leaues on his head. &c.* SOMNVS *in a mantle of blacke Cobwet-launne, downe to the foote ouer a duſkie coloured taffata Coate, and a Crowne of poppy tops on his head, a company of darke ccloured ſilke ſcarfs in one hand, a Mace of Poppey in the other, leaning his head vpon a pillow on* Crapula's *ſhoulders.*

CRA. *Somnus*, good *Somnus*, ſweet *Somnus*, come a pace!
SOM. Hei-oh, oh, are you ſure they be ſo? oho, ho, oho, hei, waw?
What good can I do? ou, hoh, hawe.
CRA. Why I tell you vnleſſe you helpe (Somnus *fals downe and ſleepes*)
Soft ſonne of night, right heyre to Quietneſſe,
Labours repoſe, lifes beſt reſtoratiue,
Digeſtions carefull Nurſe, blouds Comforter,
Wits helpe, thoughts charme, the ſtay of *Microcoſme*,
Sweet *Somnus* cheefeſt enemy to Care:
My deareſt friend, lift vp thy lumpiſh head,
Ope thy dull eyes, ſhake of this drowſines,
Rowſe vp thy ſelfe.
SOMNVS. O *Crapula*, how now, how now, oh oh howe whoſe there?
Crapula ſpeake quickly what's the matter?
CRA. As I told you, the noble Senſes peeres of *Microcoſme*;
Will eft ſoone fall to ruine perpetuall,
Vnleſſe your readie helping hand recure them:
Lately they banqueted at *Guſtus* table.

A v. Bite vs, who dare bite vs?

A p. I talke of no bitting, I ſay whats the matter betweene *Olfactus* and you?

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Will eft ſoone fall to ruine perpetuall,
Vnleſſe your readie helping hand recure them:
Lately they banqueted at *Guſtus* table.

And there fell madde, or drunke, I know not whether,
So that it's doubtfull in theſe outragious fits,
That theile murther one another.
SOM. Feare it not if they haue ſcapt already,
Bring me to them, or them to me,
Ile quickly make them know the power,
Of my large ſtretcht authoritie.
Theſe cordes of ſleepe wherewith I wont to bind,
The ſtrongeſt armes that ere reſiſted me,
Shall be the meanes, whereby I will correct
The Senſes outrage, and diſtemperature.
CRA. Thankes gentle *Somnus*, Ile go ſeeke them out,
And bring them to you ſoone as poſſible.
SOM. Diſpatch it quickly, leaſt I fall a ſleep for want of worke.
CRA. Stand ſtill, ſtand ſtill? *Viſus* I thinke comes yonder.
If you thinke good, begin and bind him firſt:
For he made faſt, the reſt will ſoone be quiet. *Exit Crapula.*

AGT. 5. SCEN. 11.

VISVS. SOMNVS.

VIS. Sage *Telemus*, I now too late admire,
Thy deepe fore-ſight and skill in Prophecie,
Who whilome toldſt me, that in time to come
Vliſſes ſhould depriue me of my ſight.
And now the ſlaue that marcht in *Outis* name,
Is prou'd *Vliſſes*, and by this deuice,
Hath ſcapt my hands, and fled away by Sea,
Leauing me deſolate in eternall night.
Ah wretched *Polypheme*, where's all thy hope,
And longing for thy beautious *Galatea*?
Shee ſcornd thee once, but now ſhe will deteſt,
And loath to looke vpon thy darkned face:
Aye me moſt miſerable *Polyphemus*,
But as for *Vliſſes*, heauen and earth
Send vengeance euer on thy damned head.
In iuſt reuenge of my great iniurie. *Somnus binds him.*
Who is he that dares to touch me? *Cyclops* come?

Come

Come all yee *Cyclop's* helpe to reſcue me.

Somnus charmes him, he ſleepes.

SOM. There reſt thy ſelfe and let thy quiet ſleepe,
Reſtore thy weake immaginations.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 12.

LINGVA, SOMNVS, VISVS.

LIN. Ha,ha,ha: oh how my ſplene is tickled with this ſporte.
The madding *Senſes* make about the woods,
It cheeres my ſoule and makes my bodie fat:
To laugh at their miſchances,ha,ha,ha,ha,
Heigh ho, the ſtitch hath caught me,oh my heart!
Would I had one to hold my ſides a while,
That I might laugh a freſh: oh how they runne,
And chafe,and ſweare,and threaten one another, (*Somnus bind's her.*
Ay me,out alas,ay me help,help,who's this that bind's me?
Helpe *Mendatio*, *Mendatio* helpe,heres one will rauiſh me.

SOM. *Lingua* content your ſelfe you muſt be bound.

LING. What a ſpight's this? are my nailes par'd ſo neere?
Can I not ſcratch his eies out? What haue I done? what? doe
you meane to kill me? murder,murder,murder, (*ſhe fall's aſleepe*)

ACT. 5. SCEN. 13.

GVSTVS *with a voiding knife in his hand*, SOMNVS, LINGVA, VISVS.

GVST. Who cries out murder! What a woman ſlaine?
My Ladie *Lingua* dead? oh Heauens iniuſt
Can you behold this fact, this bloudie fact!
And ſhower not fire vpon the murderer?
Ah peereleſſe *Lingua* miſtreſſe of heauenly words,
Sweete tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
Heart's deare enchauntreſſe: what diſaſter fates
Haue reft this Iewell from our common-wealth.
Guſtus the rubie that adornes thy ringe,

Loe heere defect, how ſhalt thou lead thy daies,
Wanting the ſweete Companion of thy life.
But in darke ſorrowe and dull melancholie,
But ſtaie? whoſe this? inhumane wretch:
Bloud-thirſtie miſcreant, is this thy handie worke?
To kill a woman, a harmeleſſe Ladie?
Villaine prepare thy ſelfe drawe, or ile ſheath my fauchéon in thy ſides.
There take the guerdon fit for murderers.

Gnſtus offers to ranne at Somnus but beeing ſuddainly charmed fall's aſleepe.

SOM. Heer's ſuch a ſtirre I neuer knewe the Senſes in ſuch diſorder.

LING. Ha, ha, ha; *Mendacio*, *Mendacio*? See how *Viſus* hath broke his fore-head againſt the oake yonder, ha, ha, ha, ha.

SOM. Howe now? Is not *Lingua* bound ſufficientlie? I haue more trouble to make one woman ſleepe, then all the world beſides they be ſo full of tattle.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 14.

SOMNVS, CRAPVLA, (LINGVA, VISVS, GVSTVS,) AVDITVS, *pulling* OLFACTVS *by the noſe, and* OLFACTVS *wringing* AVDITVS *by the eares.*

AVD. Oh mine eares, mine eares, mine eares.
OLF. Oh my noſe, my noſe, my noſe.
CRAP. Leaue, leaue at length theſe baſe contentions, *Olfactus* let him go?
OLF. Let him firſt looſe my noſe?
CRAP. Good *Auditus* giue ouer?
AVD. Ile haue his life that ſought to kill mee.
SOM. Come, come Ile end this quarrell, bind him *Crapula*!

They binde them both.

ACT.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 15.

TACTVS, *with the robe in his hand*, SOMNVS, CRAPVLA, LINGVA, GVSTVS, OLFACTVS, VISVS, AVDITVS.

TAC. Thankes *Deianeira* for thy kind remembrance,
Tis a faire ſhirt Ile weare it for thy ſake.
CRAP. *Somnus* heer's *Tactus* worſe then all his fellowes
Stay but a while and you ſhall ſee him rage!
SOM. What will he do? ſee that hee ſcapes vs not!
TAC. Tis a good ſhirt, it fitt's me paſſing well,
Tis verie warme indeede, but whats the matter,
Me thinkes I am ſome-what hotter then I was,
My heart beates faſter then twas wont to do
My braines enflamed, my temples ake extreamely, oh, oh,
Oh what a wild-fire creepes amonge my bowells:
Ætna's with in my breaſt, my marrowe fries,
And runnes about my bones, oh my ſides:
My ſides, my raines, my head, my raines, my head;
My heart, my heart, my liuer, my liuer, oh,
I burne, I burne, I burne, oh how I burne:
With ſcorching heate of implacable fire,
I burne extreame with flames vnſufferable,
SOM. Sure he doth but trie how to act *Hercules*:
TAC. Is it this ſhirt that boiles me thus? oh heauens,
It fires me worſe, and heates more furiouſly
Then *Ioues* dire thunderbolts; oh miſerable,
They bide leſſe paine that bathe in *Phlegeton*;
Could not the triple kingdome of the world,
Heauen, earth and hell deſtroie great *Hercules*?
Could not the damned ſprights of hatefull *Iuno*?
Nor the great daungers of my labours kill me?
Am I the mighty ſonne of *Iupiter*?
And ſhall this poiſned linnen thus conſume me?
Shall I be burnt? villaines flie vp to heauen,
Bid *Iris* muſter vp a troupe of cloudes,
And ſhower downe cataracts of raine to coole me?
Or elſe Ile breake her ſpeckled bowe in peeces?

Will

Will ſhe not? no ſhe hates mee like her miſtris;
Why then deſcend you roagues to the vile deepe,
Fetch *Neptune* hether, charge him bring the ſea,
To quench theſe flames, or elſe the worlds faire frame:
Wilbe in greater danger to be burnt,
Then when proud *Phaeton* ruld the Sunnes rich Chariot.

SOM. Ile take that care the world ſhall not be burnt:
If *Somnus* cords can hold you. *Somnus binds him.*

TACT. What Vulcan's this that offers to inchaine,
A greater ſouldier then the God of *Mars*.

SOM. He that each night with bloudleſſe battell conquers,
The proudeſt conquerour that triumphs by warrs:

CRA. Now *Somnus* there's but onely one remayning,
That was the author of theſe outrages.

SOM. Who's that? is he vnder my Command?

CRA. Yes, yes, yes, tis *Appetitus*; if you go that way, and looke about thoſe thickets, ile go hither, and ſearch this groue, I doubt not but to finde him?

SOM. Content. *Exeunt Somnus, et Crapula.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. 16.

APPETITVS, IRRASCIBILIS, *with a willowe in his hand pul'd vp by the rootes.* SOMNVS, CRAPVLA. *The* Senſes *all a ſleepe.*

APP. So now's the time that I would gladly meete,
Theſe madding *Senſes* that abuſ'd mee thus;
What? haunt me like an owle? make an Aſſe of me?
No they ſhall know, I ſcorne to ſerue ſuch maſters,
As cannot maſter their affections,
Their iniuries haue chang'd my nature,
Now I'le be no more called hungry paraſite:
But henceforth anſwere to the wrathfull name
Of angry *Appetite*, my choller's vp:
Zephirus coole me quickly with thy fanne,
Or elce I le eat thy cheekes, why this is braue:
Farre better then to faune at *Guſtus* table,

For

For a few ſcrappes, no, no, ſuch words as theſe,
By *Pluto* ſtabbe the villaine, kill the ſlaue:
By the infernall hagges, Ile hough the rogue,
And paunch the raſcall that abuſd me thus,
Such words as theſe fitte angry *Appetite*.

Enter CRAPVLA.

CRA. *Somnus, Somnus*, come hether, come hether quickly, hee's here, hee's here.

APP. I marry is he ſirra, what of that? baſe miſcreant *Crapula*.

CRA. O gentle *Appetitus*.

APP. You muddy gulche, darſt looke me in the face, while mine eyes ſparkle, with reuengfull fire? (tiff, toff, tiff, toff,)

CRA. Good *Appetitus*.

APP. Peace you fat bawſon, peace, (tiff, toff, tiff, toff,)
Seeſt not this fatall engine of my wrath?
Villaine Ile maule thee for thine old offences,
And grinde thy bones to powder with this peſtle:
You when I had no weapons to defend me,
Could beate me out of dores; but now prepare,
Make thy ſelfe ready, for thou ſhalt not ſcape.
Thus doth the great reuengefull *Appetite*,
Vpon his fatte foe, wreake his wrathfull ſpite.

APPETITVS *heaueth vp his club to braine* CRAPVLA, *but* SOMNVS *in the meane time, catcheth him behind and binds him?*

SOM. Why how now *Crapula*?

CRA. Am I not dead? is not my ſoule departed?

SOM. No, no, ſee where he lyes, that would haue hurt thee? feare nothing? *Somnus laies the Senſes all in a circle, feete to feete, and wafts his wand ouer them,*

So reſt you all in ſilent quietneſſe,
Let nothing wake your till the power of ſleepe,
With his ſweete dew, cooling your braines inflamed,
Hath rectified the vaine and idle thoughts,
Bred by your ſurfet, and diſtemperature:
Loe here the Senſes late outragious,
All in a round together ſleepe like friends,

For there's no difference twixt the King and Clowne,
The poore and rich, the beautious and deformed,
Wrapt in the vaile of night, and bonds of ſleepe,
Without whoſe powre, and ſweete dominion,
Our life were Hell, and pleaſure painfulneſſe,
The ſting of enuie, and the dart of loue,
Auarice talons, and the fire of hate:
Would poiſon, wound, diſtract, and ſoone conſume,
The heart, the liuer, life and minde of man;
The ſturdie Mower, that with brawnie armes,
Wieldeth the crooked ſithe, in many a ſwathe,
Cutting the flowrie pride, on the veluet plaine,
Lies downe at night, and in the weary folds
Of his wiues armes, forgets his labour paſt,
The painfull Marriner, and carefull Smith,
The toyling Plowman, all Artificers,
Moſt humbly yeeld to my dominion,
Without due reſt, nothing is durable.
Loe thus doth *Somnus* conquer all the world
With his moſt awfull wand, and halfe the yeare
Raignes ouer the beſt and proudeſt Emperours.
Onely the nurſlings of the Siſters nine,
Rebels againſt me, ſcorne my great command:
And when darke night from her bedewy wings,
Drops ſleepie ſilence to the eyes of all,
They onely wake, and with vnwearied toile,
Labour to finde the *Via lactea*,
That leads to the heauen of immortallitie,
And by the loftie towring of their minde,
Fledgd with the feathers of a learned muſe,
They raiſe themſelues vnto the higheſt pitch,
Marrying baſe earth, and heauen in a thought;
But thus I puniſh their rebellion,
Their induſtrie was neuer yet rewarded,
Better to ſleepe then wake, and toile for nothing.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

ACTVS.

ACTVS.5. SCENA.17.

The fiue Senſes, LINGVA, APPETITVS, *all aſleepe, and dreaming,* PHANTASTES, HEVRESIS.

AVD. So ho Rocwood, ſo ho Rocwood, Rocwood, your Organ, hay Chanter, Chanter, by *Acteons* hed-tyre it's a very deepe mouth'd dogge, a moſt admirable crie of hounds, looke here, againe, againe, there, there, there, ah ware counter.

VIS. Do you ſee the full Moone yonder, and not the man in it, why me thinkes 'tis too, too euident, I ſee his dogge very plaine, and looke you, iuſt vnder his taile is a Thorne buſh of Furres.

GVS. 'Twill make a fine tooth-pick: that Larkes heele there, ô do not burne it.

PHA. Boy, *Heureſis*, what think'ſt thou I thinke, when I thinke nothing?

HEV. And it pleaſe you ſir, I thinke you are deuiſing how to anſwer a man that askes you nothing.

PHA. Well geſt boy, but yet thou miſtookſt it, for I was thinking of the conſtancie of women, (*Apetitus ſnoares alowd.* Beware ſirra, take heede, I doubt me there's ſome wild Boare lodged here about? how now? mee thinkes theſe be the Senſes, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kiſt them.

TAC. Oh, oh, oh, I am ſtabd, I am ſtab'd, holde your hand, oh, oh, oh.

PHA. How now? doe they talke in their ſleepe? are they not awake *Heureſis*?

HEV. No queſtionleſſe, they be all faſt aſleepe.

GVST. Eate not too many of thoſe Apples, they bee very flatiue?

OLF. Foh, foh, beate out this Dogge heare, foh, was it you *Appetitus*?

AVD. In faith it was moſt ſweetly winded, whoſoeuer it was, the warble is very good, and the horne is excellent?

TAC. Put on man, put on, keepe your head warme, 'tis cold.

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ſt, *Heureſis*, ſtirre not ſirra.

APP. Shut the doore, the potte runnes ouer, ſirra Cooke that will be a ſweete Paſtie, if you nibble the veniſon ſo?

GVST. Say you ſo, is a Marrow Pye the *Helena* of meates? giue mee't, if I playe not *Paris* hang mee, Boye a cleane Trencher?

APP. Serue vp, ſerue vp, this is a fatte Rabbet, would I might haue the maiden-head of it, come giue me the fiſh there, who hath medled with theſe maides? ha?

OLE. Fie, ſhut your Snuffers cloſer for ſhame, 'tis the worſt ſmell that can be.

TAC. O the crampe, the crampe, the crampe, my legge, my legge.

LING. I muſt abroad preſently, reach mee my beſt Necklace preſently.

PHA. Ah *Lingua* are you there?

AVD. Here take this Rope, and Ile helpe the leader cloſe with the ſecond Bell: Fie, fie, there is a goodly peale cleane ſpoilde.

VIS. Ile lay my life that Gentlewoman is painted: well, well I know it, marke but her noſe, doe you not ſee the complection crack out, I muſt confeſſe 'tis a good picture.

TAC. Ha, ha, ha, fie, I pray you leaue, you tickle me ſo, oh, ah, ha, ha, take away your hands I cannot indure, ah you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah.

VIS. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now, —looke about that buſh, ſhe truſt her thereabout, — here ſhe is, ware wing Cater, ware wing, auaunt.

LING. Mum, mum, mum, mum.

PHA. ſt, ſirra, take heede you wake her not.

HEV. I knowe ſir ſhee is faſt a ſleepe, for her mouth is ſhutte.

LING. This 'tis, to venture vpon ſuch vncertainties, to looſe ſo rich a Crowne to no end, well, well.

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, wee ſhall here anon, where ſhee loſt her maiden-

maiden-head, ſt, boy, my Lord Vicegerent, and Maiſter Regiſter are hard by, runne quickly, tell them of this accident, wiſh them come ſoftly. *Exit Heureſis.*

LING. *Mendatio*, neuer talke farther, I doubt 'tis paſt recouery, and my Robe likewiſe, I ſhall neuer haue them againe, well, well.

PHA. How? her Crowne, and her Roabe, neuer recouer them? hum, waſt not ſaid to bee left by *Memory*? ha? I coniecture here's ſome knauery—faſt lockt with ſleepe, in good faith. Was that Crowne and Garment yours *Lingua*?

LING. I marry were they, and that ſome body hath felt, and ſhall feele more, if I liue.

PHA. O ſtrange, ſhe anſwers in her ſleepe to my queſtion, but how come the Senſes to ſtriue for it?

LING. Why, I laide vpon purpoſe in their way, that they might fall together by the eares.

PHA. What a ſtrange thing is this?

ACT. 5. SCENA. 18.

The Senſes, APPETITVS and LINGVA *aſleepe*.
PHANTASTES. COMV. SENSVS.
MEMORIA. ANAMNESTES.

PHA. ſt, my Lord, ſoftly, ſoftly, here's the notableſt peece of treaſon diſcouered, how ſay you *Lingua*, ſet all the Senſes at ods, ſhe hath confeſt it to me in her ſleepe.

COM. SEN. Iſt poſſible Maiſter Regiſter? did you euer know any talke in their ſleepe?

MEM. I remember my Lord many haue done ſo very oft, but women are troubled, eſpecially with this talking diſeaſe, many of them haue I heard anſwer in their dreames, and tell what they did all day awake.

ANAM. By the ſame token, there was a wanton maide, that being askt by her Mother, what ſuch a one did with her ſo late one night in ſuch a roome, ſhe preſently ſaid, that---

MEM. Peace you vilde rake hell, is ſuch a ieſt fitte for this company, no more I ſay ſirra.

PHA. My Lord will you believe your owne eares, you shall heare her answere me, as directly and truely as may be. *Lingua*, what did you with the Crowne and garments.

LING. Ile tell thee *Mendacio*.

PHA. Shee thinkes *Mendacio* speakes to her, marke nowe, marke howe truely shee will answere: what say you Madame?

LING. I say *Phantastes* is a foolish transparent gull; a meere fanatick nupson in my immagination not worthie to sit as a Iudges assistant.

COM. SEN. Ha, ha, ha, howe truely and directly shee answeres.

PHA. Faw, faw, she dreames now she knowes not what shee saies, I trie her once againe: Madame? what remedie can you haue for your greate losses?

LING. O are you come *Acrasia*? welcome, welcome, boy reach a Cushion sit downe good *Acrasia*: I am so beholding to you, your potion wrought exceedinglie, the senses were so mad, did not you see how they raged about the woods?

COM. SEN. Hum, *Acrasia*? is *Acrasia* her confederate? my life that witch hath wrought some villany, ——————

Lingua riseth in her sleepe, and walketh.

how's this? is shee a sleepe? haue you seene one walke thus before?

MEM. It is a very common thinge, I haue seene many sicke of the Peripatetick disease.

ANA. By the same token my Lord, I knewe one that went abroad in his sleepe, bent his bowe, shot at a Magpie, kild her, fetcht his arrowe, came home, lockt the doores, and went to bed againe.

COM. SEN. What should be the reason of it?

MEM. I remember *Scalliger* told mee the reason once, as I thinke thus: The nerues that carrie the mouing faculty, from the braines, to the thighes, legges, feete, and armes, are wider farre then the other nerues, wherfore they are not so easily stopt with the vapours of sleepe, but are night and daie ready to performe what fancy shall command them.

COM. SEN. It may bee ſo, but *Phantaſtes* enquire more of *Acraſia*.

PHA. What did you with the potion *Acraſia* made you:

LIN. Gaue it to the Senſes, and made them as madde as—well, If I cannot recouer it —— let it goe, Ile not leaue them thus.

She lies downe againe.

COM. SEN. Boy a wake the Senſes there.

AN. Hoe, hoe, *Auditus*, vp, vp, ſo hoe, *Olfactus* haue at your noſe, vp *Viſus*, *Guſtus*, *Tactus*, vp: What can you not feele a pinch? haue at you with a pinne.

TAC. Oh, you ſtab me, oh,

COM. SEN. *Tactus*, know you how you came hither:

TAC. No my Lord, not I, this I remember,
We ſup't with *Guſtus*, and had wine good ſtore,
Whereof I thinke I taſted liberally.
Amongſt the reſt, wee drunke a compoſition,
Of a moſt dellicate, and pleaſant relliſh,
That made our braynes, ſomewhat irregular.

ACT. 5, SCEN. 19.

The Senſes awake, LINGVA *aſleepe*, COMMVNIS SENSVS MEMORY, PHANTASTES, ANAMNESTES, HEVRESIS *drawing* CRAPVLA.

HEV. My Lord, here's a fat raſcall was lurking in a buſhe very ſuſpitiouſly, his name he ſayes is *Crapula*.

COM. SEN. Sirrah, ſpeake quickly what you knowe of theſe troubles,

CRA, Nothing my Lord, but that the Senſes were madde, and that *Somnus* at my requeſt layd them aſleepe, in hope to recouer them.

COM. SE. Why then tis too euident, *Acraſia* at *Lingua's* requeſt, bewitcht the Senſes, wake her quickly *Heureſis*.

LIN. Heigh ho, out alas, aye mee, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah.

COM,

COM. SEN. *Lingua* looke not so strangely vpon the matter, you haue confest in your sleepe, that with a Crowne, and a Roabe, you haue disturb'd the Senses, vsing a crafty helpe to enrage them, can you deny it?

LIN. Aye mee, most miserable wretch, I beseech your Lordship forgiue me.

COM, SEN No, no, tis a fault vnpardonable. (*He consults with Memory*)

PHAN. In my conceipt *Lingua*, you should seale vp your lippes, when you go to bed, these Feminine tongues be so glibbe.

COM. SEN. *Visus*, *Tactus*, and the rest, our former sentence concerning you, wee confirme as irreuocable, and establish the Crowne to you *Visus*, and the Roabe to you *Tactus*, but as for you *Lingua* ——————

LIN. Let mee haue mine owne, how soeuer you determine, I beseech you.

COM. SEN. That may not bee, your goods are fallen into our hands, my sentence cannot bee recall'd, you may see, those that seeke what is not theirs, oftentimes loose what's their owne: Therefore *Lingua* graunting you your life, I commit you to close prison, in *Gustus* his house, and charge you *Gustus*, to keepe her vnder the custody of two strong doores, and euery day till she come to 80. yeares of age, see she be well garded with 30. tall watchmen, without whose licence shee shall by no meanes wagge abroad, neuertheless vse her Lady-like, according to her estate.

PHAN. I pray you my Lord adde this to the iudgement that whensoeuer she obtayneth licence to walke abroad, in token the Tongue was the cause of her offence, let her weare a veluet hood, made iust in the fashion of a great Tongue, in my conceit 'tis a verye pritty Embleme of a Woman,

TAC. My Lord, shee hath a vild boy to her page, a cheese agent in this treason, his name's *Mendatio*.

COM. SEN. Ha? well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time, let him be soundly whipt, and euer after though hee

he ſhall ſtrengthen his ſpeeches with the ſinewes of Truth, yet none ſhall beleeue him.

PHA. In my imagination my Lord, the Day is dead to the great toe, and in my conceit it growes darke, by which I coniecture it will be cold, and therefore in my fancie, and opinion, 'tis beſt to repaire to our lodgings. *Exeunt omnes, præter* Anamneſtes *&* Appetitus.

ACTVS 5. SCENA. 20.

ANAMNESTES, APPETITVS *aſleepe in a corner.*

ANA. What's this? a fellow whiſpering ſo cloſely with the Earth? ſo, ho, ſo, ho: *Appetitus*? faith now I thinke *Morpheus* himſelfe hath beene here, vp with a poxe to you, vp you luske, I haue ſuch newes to tell thee ſirra: all the Senſes are well, and *Lingua* is proued guilty, vp, vp, vp, I neuer knew him ſo faſt a ſleepe in my life. (*Appetitus ſnorts.*)
Nay then haue at you a freſh, (tiff, toff, tiff, toff.)

APP. Iogge me once againe, and Ile throw this whole meſſe of pottage in your face, cannot one ſtand quiet at the dreſſer for you?

ANA. Ha, ha, ha, I thinke it's impoſſible for him to ſleepe longer then hee dreames of his victuals. What *Appetitus*, vp quickly, quickly vp, *Appetitus*, quickly ſirra, (toff, toff, toff, toff,)

APP. Ile come preſently, but I hope youle ſtay till they bee roaſted, will you eate them rawe?

ANA. Roſted? ha, ha ha, ha, vp, vp, vp, away,

APP. Reach the ſauce quickly, here's no Sugar, whaw, wam, oh, ou, oh.

ANA. What neuer wake? (Tiffe, toff, tiff, toff,) wilt neuer be? Then I muſt trie another way I ſee.

Epilogus.

IVdicious friends, it is so late at night,
I cannot waken hungrie Appetite:
Then since the cloase vpon his rising stands,
Let me obtaine this at your courteous hands,
Trie if the friendly opportunitie,
Of your good-will, and graiseus Plauditie,
With the thrice welcome murmure it shall keepe,
Can begge this prisoner from the bands of sleepe.

Vpon the Plaudite, APPETITVS awakes, and runnes in after ANAMNESTES.

FINIS.

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